

MAY 21, 1881

THE CYCLOPGRAPHIC.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 599.—Vol. XXIII.

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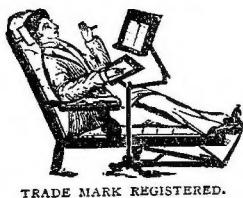
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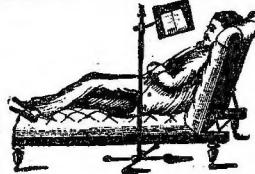
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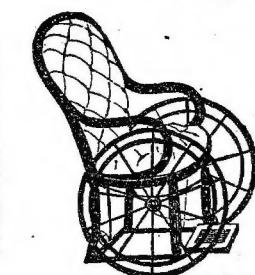
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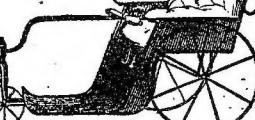


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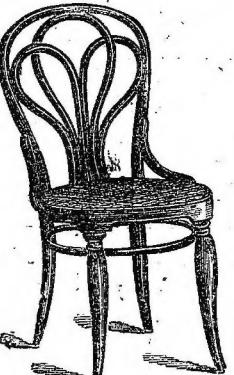
JURORS—EXHIBITIONS—Vienna, 1873; Philadelphia, 1876.

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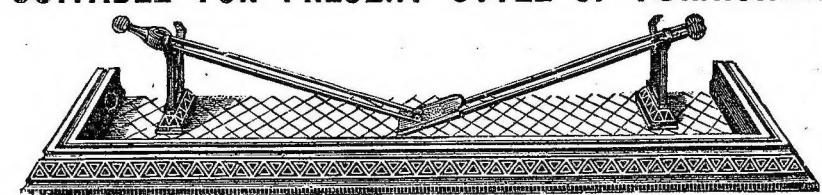
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PAIN KILLER.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 599.—VOL. XXIII.
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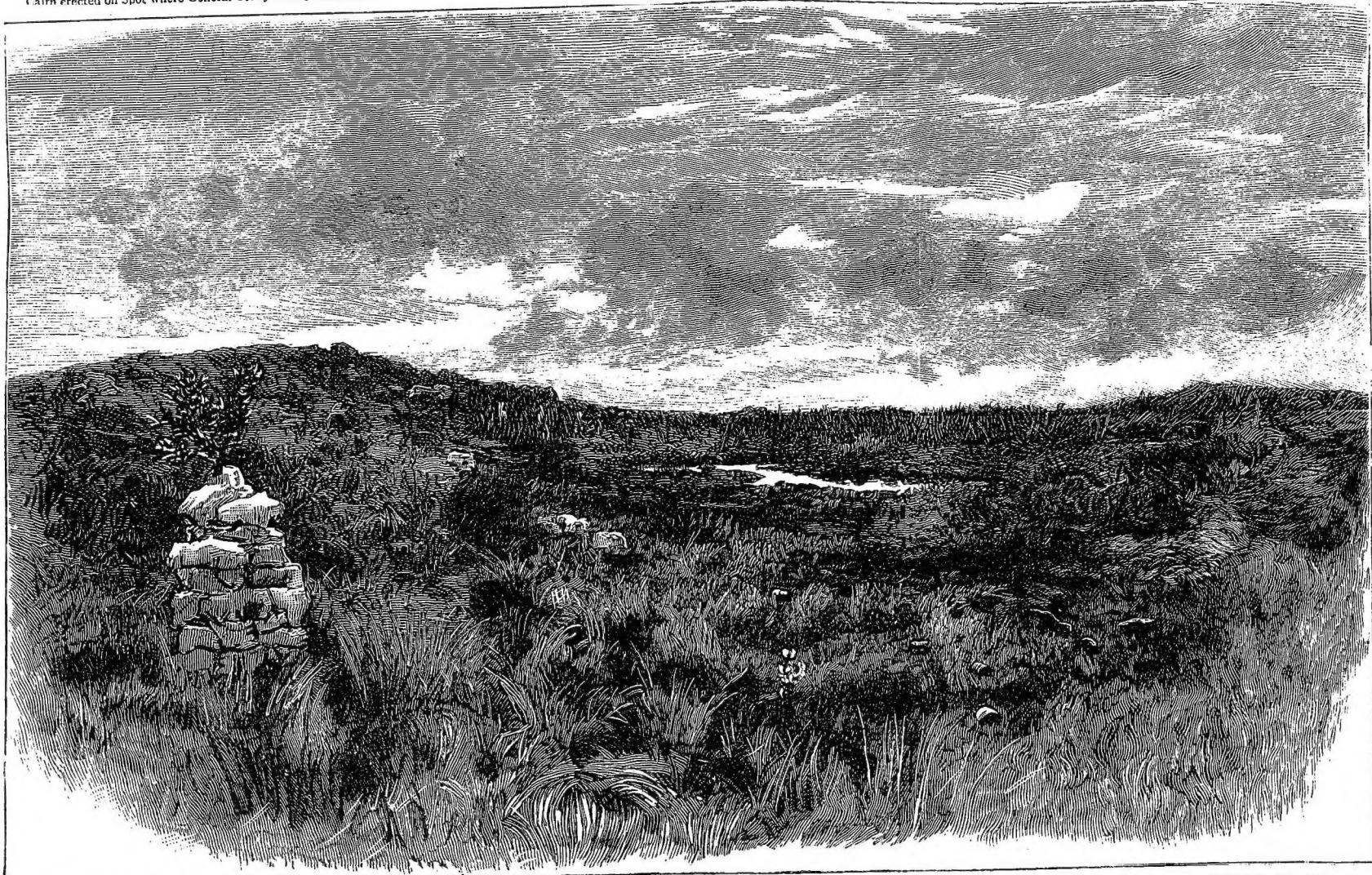
SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881

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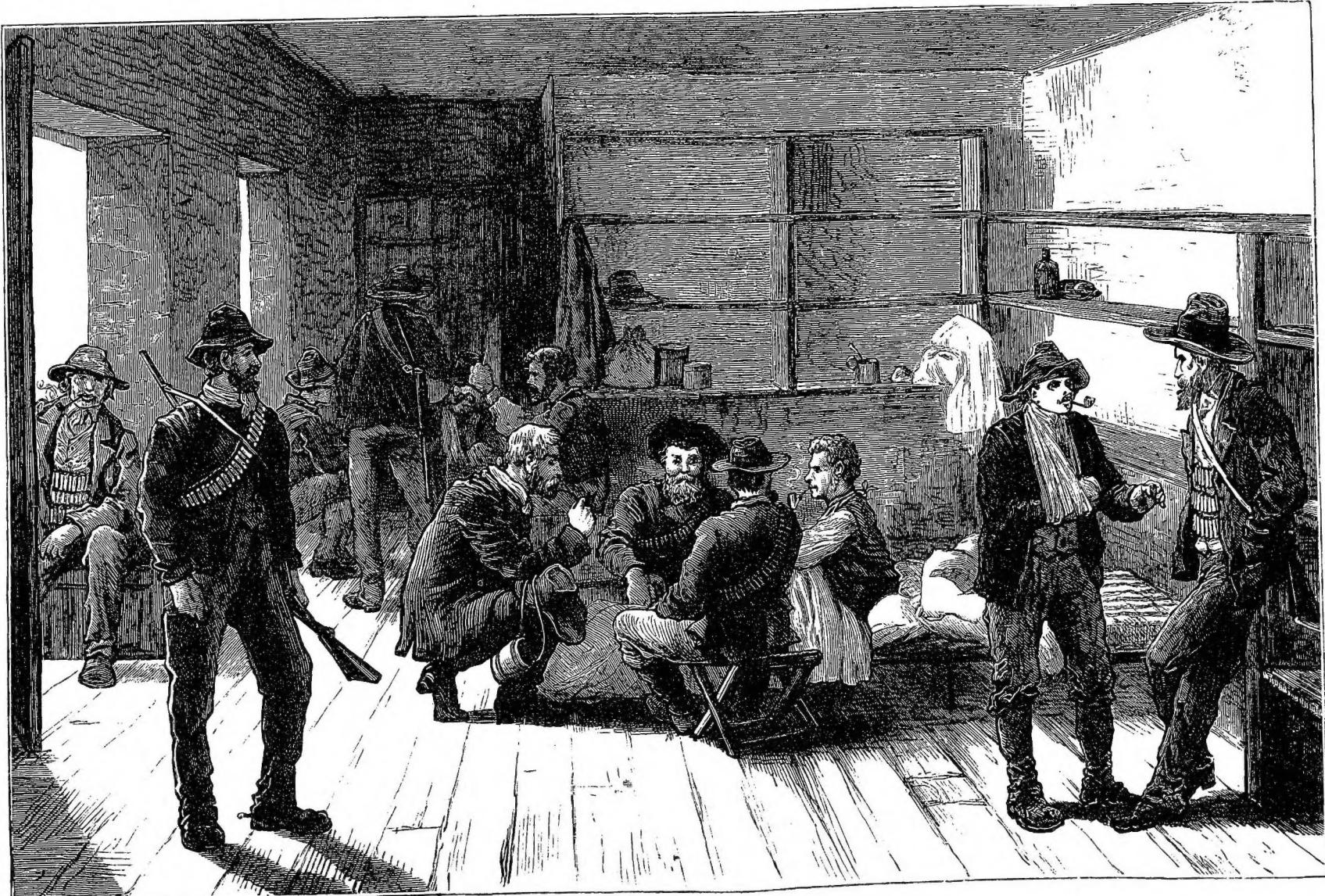
Cairn erected on Spot where General Colley's Body was found

A "Vley," or Pool of Rain-water

The Boers came over all along this Ridge in Numbers, Firing into the British Troops



AFTER THE BATTLE—SUMMIT OF MAJUBA MOUNTAIN, MARCH 24, SHOWING POSITIONS OF BRITISH TROOPS AND BOERS DURING THE LAST TEN MINUTES OF THE FIGHT ON FEBRUARY 27



INTERIOR OF BOER HOSPITAL, MEEK'S FARM

THE RECENT RISING IN THE TRANSVAAL

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



ENGLISH OPINION AND THE IRISH LAND BILL.—We cannot recall any great measure which has excited so little enthusiasm as this Irish Land Bill. The scheme for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church aroused the strongest possible interest, and the nation devoted keen attention to the Land Bill of 1870. But the present measure seems to be regarded coldly even by the majority of the Liberal party. People feel that something must be done for Ireland, but they are apparently disinclined to trouble themselves by inquiring into the details of Mr. Gladstone's proposals. We see the result in the manner in which the debate on the second reading has been carried on. Never was there a duller, more tedious discussion. Not one brilliant speech has been delivered, and even the elaborate explanations of Mr. Gladstone were far below his usual mark on important occasions. The proceedings of Parliament are animated and instructive only when the nation is thoroughly in earnest; and the Government, their supporters, and their opponents all appear to be oppressed by the feeling which prevails out of doors. The general character of the Bill partly accounts for this indifference. Its leading principles cannot be understood at a glance; they are so complicated, and their application would be modified by so many conflicting conditions, that the whole matter seems to be one rather for experts than for the public. A deeper reason, however, is to be found in the effect produced in England by the temper of the Irish people. Although the majority of Englishmen are sincerely anxious to conciliate Ireland, their wishes and efforts do not evoke a friendly response. We still hear of outrages, of caretakers being shot, of attempts to blow up barracks; and revolutionary sputters continue to go to the utmost verge of license that will not bring them within the grasp of the law. The English people note these things almost with despair. It seems to them that nothing they can do will produce the slightest impression on Ireland; and so they allow "remedial legislation" to take its course without concerning themselves about its prospects. Perhaps this is what Mr. Parnell and his friends like; but it must vex and disappoint every one who is really anxious to see the two countries united in spirit as well as in appearance. The agitators who are alienating England are far more deadly enemies to Ireland than the much-abused landlords.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.—This publication, put forth after more than ten years of anxious and conscientious labour, forms a unique epoch in the annals of the Christian religion, inasmuch as no such precise incident has ever occurred before. The early Christians clung with more fondness to the memory of the Founder of their creed (personally known as He must have been to many of them) than to the books which recorded the missionary enterprise of Himself and His disciples. Then followed a long period of darkness and barbarism, and it may be safely asserted that from the fourth to the sixteenth century the illiteracy of the laity and the jealousy of the priests prevented the community at large from having any but a very fragmentary acquaintance with the Scriptures. Then came the Reformation, a movement whose guiding principle was a free and open Bible, and thenceforward, among those nations which adopted Reformation doctrines, the Sacred Writings of Christianity assumed an importance undreamt-of during the preceding centuries. Perhaps at no period before or since was the Bible more diligently or reverently studied than during the reign of James I., when the Puritan faith was in its early freshness, unstained by the triumphs of civil strife. Nevertheless, the publication of the Authorised Version of 1611 caused no special shock to our forefathers, because there was no translation already existing, hallowed and, as it were, crystallised by prolonged usage. Less than a century had passed since Tyndale's version was issued, and it had already been twice revised, under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth respectively. The sentiments aroused by the Revision under Victoria are altogether different, and lovers of the Bible cannot fail to feel a pang in being asked to abandon the Version which has solaced themselves and their ancestors for two hundred and seventy years. This point should be borne in mind by persons of progressive temperament, in case the New Version of the New Testament should win its way but slowly with the public. Biblical scholars have for many years been aware that such a work ought to be undertaken, partly because we have access to older texts than were obtainable by the Jacobean translators, and partly because the persevering criticism of nearly three centuries, aided by modern scientific research, has discovered various inadequate and inaccurate renderings which certainly needed amendment. And, if this Revision was to be done at all, it was right that it should be done under the authority of Convocation. On the whole, the Revisers seem to have executed their work wisely and discreetly. We must, however, protest against the two alterations in the Lord's Prayer. "Lead," in this connection, means exactly the same as "bring," and therefore might have been left untouched; and, as it is a moot point among scholars whether the Greek word for "the evil" should be masculine or neuter, the new reading, "the Evil One," might

safely have been relegated to the margin. Further criticism we defer until next week. It is worth noting, in conclusion, that the New Version is at present merely an experiment. Years will probably elapse before the Version of 1611 is authoritatively superseded.

REACTION IN RUSSIA.—The congratulations addressed to the Czar on his frank acceptance of an enlightened policy seem to have been premature. He has not accepted an enlightened policy, and the Minister who was believed to represent Liberal ideas has been compelled to make way for a thoroughly bigoted successor. For the sake of Russia—indeed, for the sake of the civilised world—this is deeply to be regretted. Whether Melikoff would have been able to overcome popular discontent it is impossible to say; but there was at least a chance of his being successful. So far as can at present be seen, Ignatief has not even a chance of restoring order to his disturbed country. If the Nihilists were, as is sometimes said, a small company of conspirators, it would not be a hopeless task to fight them; but if they are no more than this, how does it happen that they are supplied with so much money? Their enterprises are on a large scale, yet they have never the slightest difficulty, when they are thwarted in one plan, in starting other and more costly schemes. They have evidently struck their roots deep into the heart of Russian society, and the only explanation of this must be that the people have genuine and increasing grievances. If history teaches anything, it shows that disorder which springs from such a state of things as this cannot be permanently crushed by force. It must be met by wise legislation, or a social convulsion is inevitable. Before the present Czar came to the throne, it seemed certain that he would appreciate this plain fact, and regulate his policy by it, but the terrible circumstances of his father's death seem to have stunned and confused him. He is not much to be blamed for the panic which apparently possesses him; most men in his position would feel precisely as he does. Nevertheless, it is deplorable that, at a time when Russia needed a ruler of almost heroic courage and magnanimity, she finds that she is governed by a man who does not rise above the dull level of mediocrity.

"QUESTION TIME" IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—On Monday there were thirty-five questions on the paper. Many were put without notice, and it was seven o'clock when the adjourned debate on the Land Bill was reached. The inconvenience caused by this delay was vividly illustrated by a personal incident which occurred that evening. The House was naturally anxious to hear what the Queen's First Minister had to say about the Land Bill, and Mr. Gladstone was equally prepared to speak, but, in the usual course of things, his speech must either have been delivered during the dinner-hour, or postponed till late at night. Mr. Gladstone was not well, and wanted to go to bed early, so he asked the Solicitor-General to let him take his place, and begin the adjourned discussion. Now to most outsiders it seems a monstrous abuse that Her Majesty's principal adviser should be put to such shifts as this, simply because the earlier hours of the evening have been spent in the asking and answering of questions. In an assembly governed by the rules of common sense instead of by obsolete traditions, most of these questions would be asked and answered in print, which would probably stop the loquacity of those Irish members who bully "Buckshot Forster" for the sake of proving to the Land League how zealous they are. It might be left to the discretion of the Speaker to decide if any of the questions were worthy of verbal discussion. Of one thing we feel certain. In no assembly of business men ought the unimportant affairs to take precedence of the important. Fancy a meeting of railway shareholders in which the first three hours should be spent in peppering the Chairman with such questions as why the under-porter at Little Paddington was dismissed, or why the stuffing in the seats of Carriage No. 939 was so lumpy. Yet such petty inquiries would be far more relevant to the business of the Company than some of the questions asked in the House of Commons are to the business of the nation. One practical effect of the present system is that the Ministers are overworked, and therefore the business of the country is badly done. They are (or ought to be) in their offices from ten to four, and they are detained in the House till past midnight, because during the precious early hours of the sitting they can be kept popping up and down, like a row of "jacks-in-the-box," by any one who chooses, having given previous notice, to ask them a question.

MILITARY SYSTEMS AND ARBITRATION.—At the annual meeting of the Peace Society the other day some very interesting speeches were delivered. In reading the report of the proceedings it was impossible not to be struck by the earnestness and enthusiasm of the speakers. We live in a sceptical age, and it is a relief to find a number of persons who have a "cause" about the justice and nobleness of which they have no doubt. The members of the Peace Society seem, however, to have formed a curious estimate of the influences which at the present moment actually govern the world. Why, they ask, should nations maintain costly armies and navies? They point with perfect justice to the growth of Nihilism and Socialism as one of the results of the vast military systems of the Continent, and urge that all our difficulties would be overcome if nations, instead of fighting each

other, would be content to adopt the principle of arbitration. This would be excellent if the Peace Society could prove that in the event of England or any other country acting on their doctrine the remaining countries of the world would follow the example. Unfortunately this cannot be proved. Predatory instincts have not yet died out, and unless the most advanced nations are prepared to place themselves at the mercy of the least advanced, they must take care to have the means of repelling unjust attack. That Europe will never form itself into a great Confederation for the maintenance of the general peace, no one can say; but certainly this ideal will not be realised as long as the degree of civilisation attained by different peoples is so varied as it is now. It would be pleasant to abolish police courts and gaols, but we can hardly venture on the experiment while honest citizens are in so much peril from burglars and other rogues. The difficulty in international relations is even more complicated, since Governments may have good motives, and yet be led to do a vast amount of harm by misapprehension.

THE FRANCO-TUNISIAN TREATY.—A doubtful deed seems so much more immoral when one's neighbour does it than when one does it one's self, that we shall refrain, unlike some of our contemporaries, from lecturing the French about their behaviour in Tunis, for without doubt we have in our time acted in a like manner to semi-civilised peoples. We shall, therefore, only comment on two points suggested by the affair. In the first place the French, having resolved to interfere in Tunisian politics, interfered effectually, and not in the feeble, half-hearted way in which we usually interfere in our colonial troubles. They despatched a really formidable force, with the result of making the Bey "cave in" very quickly. Had our Government acted thus with regard to the Transvaal, after their solemn declaration in the Queen's Speech that they meant to put down the rebellion, the British flag would doubtless at this moment have floated over Pretoria, and we should have heard nothing about the "blood-guiltiness" of coercing the Boers. In the second place the Tunis affair proves that bold and resolute action is in these days of especial value. Half-a-dozen Powers were angry with the French. Austria was sulky, England took to preaching, Italy was furious, Turkey was annoyed, the Bey was still more annoyed. Still, war is so costly nowadays, and leads to such unexpected issues, that none of these Powers dared even threaten it. So France had her own way. Possibly she may suffer for it afterwards, yet it is quite likely that the "afterwards" may never arrive.

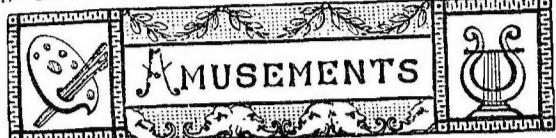
WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.—The ladies who advocate woman's suffrage have again been forcing their ideas on the attention of the public this week. They deserve credit for their perseverance and enthusiasm; but they can hardly help seeing that they make but slow progress. The prospects of their success are, indeed, much less brilliant than they were ten or fifteen years ago. A good many persons who were with them then have since gone over to the enemy; and still more, without exactly deserting their colours, have lost the ardour of their original zeal. One reason is that the movement is no longer represented by a powerful leader. When John Stuart Mill delivered his first great speech on the subject in Parliament, he exerted a remarkable influence over many minds, especially over young men; and a large number of his admirers were carried away by his earnestness. Since his time, the proposed change has not been publicly supported by any man of genius; and persons of ordinary talents can never succeed in making an agitation of this kind attractive. Advocated in the dull manner of average politicians, it is apt to seem crude; and people turn away to questions of more urgent importance. The chief reason, however, why the emancipated ladies produce so little impression is that they have not succeeded in converting their own sex. It is true that petitions have been numerously signed by women; but those who have associated themselves with the proposal bear a very small proportion to the class for whom the vote is demanded. Widows and spinsters who wish to have the same privileges as their male neighbours are still exceptions to the general rule. Whether women are to be commended for their indifference, we do not now inquire; but it is certain that as long as their indifference lasts the question will not become one of practical politics.

THE MINING FEVER.—Bi-metallism is a toughish subject, which few except experts feel competent to discuss, and therefore the Paris Conference has attracted little attention. Yet it would appear as if the numerous mining companies recently launched had at heart the objects for which the Conference was summoned, and were determined (most of them being gold-mining associations), to restore the proper equilibrium between gold and silver by producing as much as possible of the former precious metal. We earnestly hope, for the sake of the shareholders, that they may succeed, but we confess that we have our misgivings. It is the natural tendency of mining "captains" and engineers, however honest they may be, to take a rose-coloured view of an undertaking which, whether ultimately profitable or not to the shareholders, promises themselves remunerative employment. The shareholder must take everything on trust, he is thousands of miles away from the mine, and, if he were on the spot, he probably would not be much enlightened. We here address those persons only who put their money into these associations for the sake of carrying out a genuine

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industrial enterprise. But it is worth remembering that there are scores of speculators who don't care if there is not a pennyweight of gold in the whole mine, provided they can force the stock up to a premium, and realise before the "drop" comes. And the drop will come, assuredly. How many of these companies, we wonder, whose prospectuses have lately been scattered broadcast, will be alive and flourishing two years hence? Yet two years is not a long time for the thorough development of a genuine gold-mine.

NOTICE.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 500 and 509.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. On MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, May 23, 25, and 27, at Eight o'clock, OTHELLO, Othello, Mr. IRVING; Iago, Mr. BOOTH; Desdemona, Miss ELLEN TERRY. On TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, May 24, 26, and 28, at a quarter to eight, THE CUP, and THE BELLE'S STRATA. GEM, Mr. IRVING and MISS ELLEN TERRY. Morning Performance of OTHELLO, To-DAY (SATURDAY) at Two o'clock; Othello, Mr. IRVING; Iago, Mr. BOOTH; Desdemona, Miss ELLEN TERRY; and on SATURDAY, May 26, Othello, Mr. BOOTH; Iago, Mr. IRVING; Desdemona, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

MR. SIMS REEVES' FAREWELL ORATORIOS at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL, under the Special Patronage of Her Majesty the QUEEN, and all the Members of the Royal Family.

FOURTH CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, May 23, at Eight.

HYMN OF PRAISE, and STABAT MATER. Artists: Madame Marie Roze, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Cummings, Signor Foli, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY. Mr. SIMS REEVES' FAREWELL ORATORIOS. Orchestra and Chorus, 1,000 Organist, Dr. Stainer. Conductor, Mr. Barnby. Prices: Stalls, 15s.; Arena, 10s. 6d. and 7s.; Balcony, 6s. and 4s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at the usual Agents; Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; and the Royal Albert Hall.

THE BACH CHOIR.—Patron, Her Majesty the QUEEN. Musical Director and Conductor, Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT. I. Seb. Bach's Mass in B minor. Sixth performance, ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 1 (unavoidably postponed from May 18). All tickets issued for that date are available for June 1 at a quarter past eight o'clock. Madame Lemmens-Scherrington, Madame Isabel Fassell; Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Burdon, and Mr. Kempston. Principal Violin, Herr Ludwig Strauss. Full Orchestra and the Bach Choir. Stalls, 12s. 6d. and 10s.; Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d., Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 2s.; New Bond Street, usual Agents, and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MR. GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The THIRD CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY AFTERNOON Next, May 26, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Berlioz's "Symphonie Dramatique," "Roméo et Juliette" (ending with the "Queen Mab" Scherzo); Overtures, "The Hebe" (Mendelssohn); "Guillaume Tell" (Rossini); New Song, "Knowst Thou the Land" (A. Goring Thomas). Pianist, Herr Ernst Loewenberg. Vocalists, Miss Amy Aylward, Miss Orridge, and Mr. Faulkner Leigh. Conductor, Mr. Ganz. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., and 3s., at the usual Agents, and of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 126, Harley Street.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.—J. F. BARNETT'S New CANTATA, ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 8. Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Edward Lloyd, and Santley. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., and 3s., at St. James's Hall, and the usual agents.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Last Week of MANY HAPPY RETURNS, by Gilbert A'Beckett and Clement Scott. Music by Lionel Benson. A Musical Sketch, OUR INSTITUTE, by Mr. Corney Grin, and ALL AT SEA, by Arthur Law. Music by Corney Grin. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday, at 3. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s., 5s. No fees. Booking Office now open from 10 to 6. An entire change of programme Monday, May 30.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
MOORE AND BURGESS' MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME.
Replete with musical gems, sparkling comicalities, and humorous sketches, will be repeated until the end of the present month.
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY THREE
WEDNESDAY and
SATURDAY, EIGHT.
FIFTY ARTISTS,
including the Juvenile Choir, the Statuesque Dancers, and powerful Phalanx of Comedians.
Faufeuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
No fees.

MOHAWK MINSTRELS—SANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 8, until SATURDAY, June 4. Most brilliant success. Crowded Houses. Enthusiastic Encores. No Cloak Room or exterior. 4,000 good seats at popular prices. 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s.—E. MOWRAY, Manager.

MOHAWK MINSTRELS.—Grand Irish Festival Entertainment. WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 25. Irish Comedy—Irish Dances—Irish Songs and Ballads—Irish Recitations—Band of Harps, and other attractions.

WESTMINSTER PANORAMA.
YORK STREET, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.
(Opposite St. James's Park Station, and adjoining Royal Aquarium.)
THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
By C. CASTELLANI.
Covering over 20,000 Square Feet of Canvas.
The Largest Panorama in England.
WILL OPEN 1ST JUNE.
Admission, 1s.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.
Entries close May 23. Show open June 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10.
Prize lists and forms of entry may be had on application to the Office, Barford Street, N.
Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.
(By Order) S. SIDNEY,
Secretary and Manager.

FOUR-IN-HAND DRIVING CLUB.—The Painting of a Meet at the Magazine, with upwards of 150 Portraits from Life, is now ON VIEW at DICKINSONS, 114, New Bond Street, W. Admission, from Ten till Dusk, One Shilling.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION. Now OPEN. Daily 9 to 7. Admission, One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Professor Leopold Carl Müller's Picture, "An Encampment Outside Cairo," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH & SON'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket. Admission One Shilling.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from 9 to 7. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

PALL MALL GALLERY, 48, Pall Mall.—NOW OPEN to the PUBLIC, the EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by the Celebrated Russian Artist, AIVAZOVSKY. Aivazovsky's "COLUMBUS SHIP IN A STORM."

AIVAZOVSKY'S "COLUMBUS LANDING ON THE ISLAND OF SAN SALVADOR," and many other notable Paintings at the PALL MALL GALLERY, 48, Pall Mall. Admission ONE SHILLING. Fridays, 2s. 6d. Catalogues, 6d.

ROSA BONHEUR'S celebrated PICTURES, ON THE ALERT, and A FORAGING PARTY, which gained for the artist the Cross of the Order of Leopold of Belgium at the Antwerp Academy, 1879. Also, the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur, including the well-known "Horse Fair," now on Exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 14, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. Ten to Five.

DORÉS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS.—"CAVE CANEM," Briton Rivière, A.R.A. This wonderful humorous Engraving on View. "Artist's Proofs only." Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

GRAND COMPETITION and EXHIBITION of DESIGNS for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS, to be held in JULY NEXT, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly. £2,000 given by Messrs. S. Hildeheimer and Co., Fine Art Publishers, to be awarded in 20 prizes.—Conditions of competition can be had on application to R. F. McNair, Manager, Egyptian Hall.

THE GRAPHIC GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON.

TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY, ILLUSTRATED BY THE FOLLOWING ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS—

P. H. CALDERON, R.A.
FRANK DICKIE, R.A.
ARTHUR HOPKINS,
SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
G. D. LESLIE, R.A.
EDWIN LONG, R.A.

JULES GOUPIL
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
PAUL BAUDRY
(Commander of the Legion of Honour,
Member of the Institut).
GUSTAVE JACQUET
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).

P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.
C. E. PERUGINI,
MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.
GEORGE A. STOREY, A.R.A.
L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
J. J. TISSOT.

HENRI LÉVY
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
PIERRE AUGUSTE COT
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
CAROLUS DURAN
(Officer of the Legion of Honour).

ALSO,

"DYING TO SAVE THE QUEEN'S COLOURS,"
E DEATH OF LIEUTENANTS MELVILLE AND COGHILL, 24TH REGT.

AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF ISANDLWANA,
Painted by Mr. C. E. FRIPP, Special Artist to "The Graphic" during the whole of the Zulu Campaign.

There is also exhibited a choice selection of ORIGINAL WATER-COLOUR and BLACK and WHITE DRAWINGS, the Engravings from which have from time to time appeared in "The Graphic."

MILLAIS'

New Picture,

"LITTLE MRS. GAMP,"
a companion to the celebrated "CHERRY RIPE," has been added.

THE GALLERY IS OPEN DAILY FROM TEN TILL SIX.

Admission, including Illustrated Catalogue, ONE SHILLING.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and Brighton for Victoria at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; also from Victoria on Sundays at 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton at 8.30 p.m. and 12 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Fare—1s. Class Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day; except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail new swift Steamer *Colomba* or the *Iona* from Bridge Wharf, Glasgow, daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m., conveying Passengers for Oban, North, and West Highlands. Official Guide Book, 1s.; Illustrated Copies, 6d. and 1s. See Bill with Map and Tourist Fares, free, at Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers, 214, Piccadilly, London, or by post, free, from the Owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE, No. 112, Hope Street, Glasgow.

THE NEGOTIATIONS IN THE TRANSVAAL

The sketch of "The Summit of Majuba Mountain" was made, says our Special Artist, on the 24th of March, that being the first day after the battle on which the Boers allowed any Englishmen to ascend the mountain. The ground in front of the "Vley," or rain-water pool, is the place where our troops, men of the 92nd Highlanders and 58th Regiment, stood huddled up together during the last ten minutes or so of the fight, their officers vainly trying to extend them, whilst, along the whole of the ridge in the distance, the Boers came up in great numbers, pouring in their deadly fire until at last our men broke. The cairn on the left, surmounted by a shrub, marks the spot where the body of General Sir G. P. Colley was found after the battle was over.

"The Boer Hospital," represented in our next engraving, was visited by our artist on the day on which the Boers evacuated Laing's Nek after the completion of the negotiations for peace. The building had formerly been used as a farm storehouse, and afforded much more room than the number of patients required, there being only three wounded men under treatment, all shot in the arm, and one having a second wound in the leg. They were under the care of Dr. Hutchinson, who assured our artist that only six wounded came under his hands after the Majuba fight. A number of Boers from the camp were visiting their wounded comrades, the latest news as to the position of affairs being eagerly discussed between them.

Early on the morning of the 24th of March, the date agreed upon for "The Evacuation of Laing's Nek," the Boer forces were on the move, the tent-waggons and other vehicles being rapidly loaded, and started one after another with admirable regularity. The mounted men, about 2,000 strong, were drawn up in a hollow square around General Joubert's tent and waggons; and after General Sir E. Wood and his staff (who had breakfasted with the Boer leader) had taken their departure, the Boers began to move off. Wheeling out of the square formation in sections of three, and, riding away at a trot in five lines down the long slope behind the Nek, they presented a most picturesque appearance. They all wore some sort of soft slouch felt hat; their ponies were small and wiry; and their rifles were of all patterns, chiefly Westley Richards and Henri-Martin; the rest of their equipments—bags, ammunition pouches, cartridge belts, &c.—being of the most varied description. In less than five minutes the square had broken itself up into long lines, stretching away into the distance, and the leading horsemen had overtaken the rearmost waggons, all of which had "trekked" away with the same order and regularity, no stoppages occurring from the weakness of bullocks or other causes.

Before the Boers finally dispersed to their homes, they assembled around General Joubert's headquarters to hear the parting addresses of their leaders. Joubert himself was the principal speaker, and seemed to make the greatest effect upon his audience, who frequently expressed their approval of his remarks by raising their hats. The orations were of course in the Dutch language, and our artist had therefore some difficulty in understanding what was said; but he noticed that the name of the Almighty was invoked very frequently, particularly by Kruger, who compared himself to Joshua, and his followers to the Israelites.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IN AUSTRIA

VIENNA held high festival last week in honour of the marriage of the Crown Prince Rudolph with the Princess Stéphanie, daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians. The match is exceedingly popular with all classes, and the citizens vied with each other in striving to do due honour to the day. The streets were decorated in the most profuse manner, the houses being covered with the Belgian red, yellow, and black, the Austrian black and yellow, and the Viennese red and white colours, while triumphal arches and elaborate trophies rose in every direction. The Princess and her parents were lodged on their arrival at the Austrian capital in the suburban palace of Schönbrunn, and on the 9th inst. the Princess made her State entry into Vienna. According to time-honoured custom the Princess and her mother, the Queen of the Belgians, went in the morning to the Theresianum, where the former made her toilette for the occasion, putting on a most becoming dress of pink satin. The procession was then formed, and, as usual throughout Germany, the *cortege* was singularly picturesque and

effective, and replete with historical associations. From the liveries of the host of servants, and the uniforms of the Guards to the horses' harness and State carriages, the correspondent of *The Times* states, all had their past, and moved in all the glories of secular tradition. The liveries, uniforms, and dresses, it is true, had been modernised, but all were of the old distinction of colours. It would be wearisome to recite the complete order of the procession, but we may mention that one of the most popular features was Count Andrassy in his Hungarian uniform, who was cheered to the echo by the crowds which thronged the streets. The State coach in which the Princess and her mother rode was built in Madrid, in 1700, and was used for the State entry of the present Empress of Austria twenty seven years ago. It was drawn by six milk-white horses of the purest Spanish breed, which are the lineal descendants of those who drew the carriage in olden days, both the black and white breeds being kept perfectly pure in the Imperial studs. The harness was of gold, and the postilions wore the old Spanish costume. The official reception took place at an open space before the Elizabeth Bridge was reached, and where the Ministers and other high State dignitaries had assembled. There the carriage stopped, and the Burgomaster, advancing to the window, read an address of congratulation and welcome. The Queen of the Belgians replied first, saying how deeply she and her daughter had been moved by the reception, and the Princess then added a few words to the effect that she did not know how to express her thanks, and could never hope to repay so much affection. The procession then passed on its way to the Burg, where it was awaited by the Emperor and Empress and their Court.

The wedding ceremony took place on the following morning in the Convent Church of St. Augustine, which is used as the parish church of the Burg. The interior had been beautifully decorated with tapestries for the occasion, and glittered on all sides with a hundred chandeliers, and countless gas jets encircling the pillars. Here a brilliant congregation early assembled, and shortly before eleven Cardinal Schwarzenberg, the Prince-Archbishop of Prague, by whom the ceremony was performed, appeared in full pontificals, and took his station at the door to await the arrival of the Imperial party. The bridal *cortege* was preceded by a long procession of Court and State officials and dignitaries, and then came the Emperor and the King of the Belgians and a brilliant staff. After them walked the bride, between the Empress and the Queen of the Belgians, and, immediately following, the Crown Prince Rudolph, who wore a General's uniform and the Grand Cordon of the Order of Leopold. Finally came the Archdukes and Royal guests, including the Prince of Wales—who wore a Field Marshal's uniform—the Count of Flanders, and Prince William of Prussia.

The Cardinal received the Royal party at the door, offering them consecrated water. The bride and bridegroom, after having bowed to the Emperor and Empress, took their places on two chairs immediately before the altar. The Cardinal began the service by reading a short address, referring to the marriage of the Emperor and Empress in the same church, twenty-seven years ago, speaking of the sanctity of the marriage tie, and alluding to the "pilgrimage" to Jerusalem recently made by the Crown Prince. The short Marriage Service and the exchange of rings followed, and the ceremony was concluded by the organ playing Haydn's Wedding March. The Prince and his wife then embraced their parents, and the procession, re-forming, wended its way back to the Burg to the strains of the *Brabantonne*, and amid thunders of artillery salutes and merry peals of bells.

VIEWS IN TUNIS

TUNIS, which lies to the east of the French dependency of Algeria, occupies pretty nearly the site of ancient Carthage. Towards the end of the sixteenth century it was conquered by the Turks, and incorporated with the Ottoman Empire. Gradually, however, an officer with the title of Bey, whose original functions were merely those of a tax-gatherer, obtained a kind of sovereignty, which Murad Bey succeeded in making hereditary. During the eighteenth century Tunis became tributary to Algiers. About the beginning of the nineteenth century, Hamuda Pasha threw off the Algerian yoke, and created a native Tunisian army, thus rendering the country virtually independent, although a yearly tribute was sent to Constantinople. The present Bey, however, while acknowledging the sovereignty of the Porte, pays no tribute.

We need not here enter at length into the Franco-Tunisian difficulty. The French recently declared that the Kroumirs, a wild tribe living on the borders between Tunis and Algeria, were perpetually making raids into their territory, that the Bey was unable to restrain or punish these marauders, and consequently that they must take the law into their own hands. A formidable expedition accordingly landed, and some skirmishing took place with the savages. Soon, however, these unlucky savages, as a factor in the quarrel, receded into the background, and the Bey found himself with a French army advancing on his capital. General Bréard, in the most polite manner, held a metaphorical pistol to the head of the Barbary potentate, who accordingly signed a Treaty, which gives France pretty nearly all she wants in Tunis.

The general aspect of this *coup d'état*, and its effect on other nations, we have discussed elsewhere.

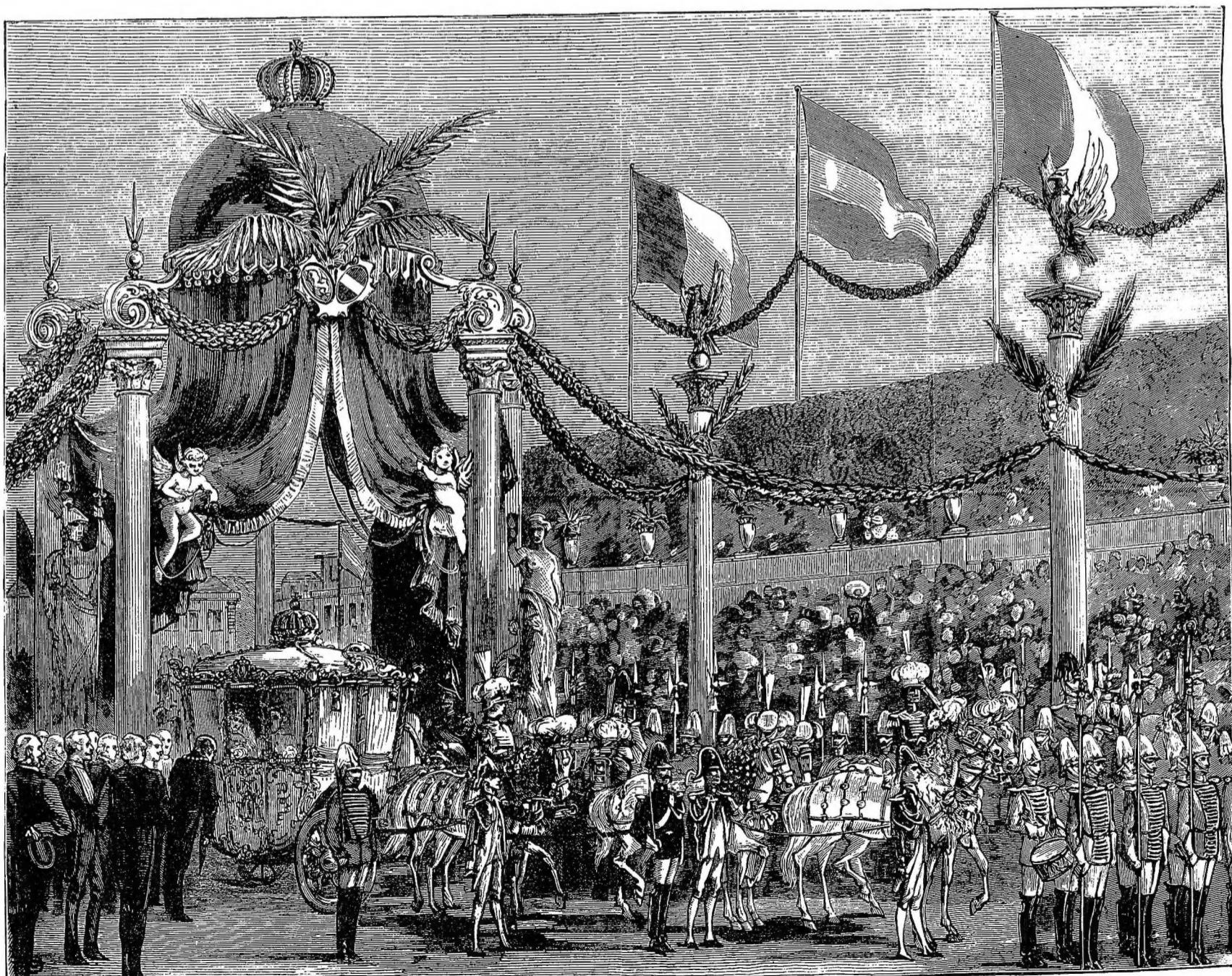
Tunis has a fine climate, and though agriculture is not very skilfully pursued (the cultivation of olives excepted) there is an abundant production of cereals and fruits, and in the cities of Tunis and Susa there is a considerable manufacturing and commercial industry. The inhabitants are mostly of Arabic descent, but there are many Berbers, especially in the interior.

The Bardo, or summer residence of the Bey, stands about a mile and a half west of the city in a bare, verdureless plain. The interior of the building is gorgeous; the ceilings glitter with gold, carmine, and azure; all the principal rooms open into a large courtyard paved with marble, and surrounded by arcades supported on marble columns, while fountains everywhere diffuse a delicious coolness.

The forts of Tunis were built by the Spaniards, and are of picturesque appearance, but, like most

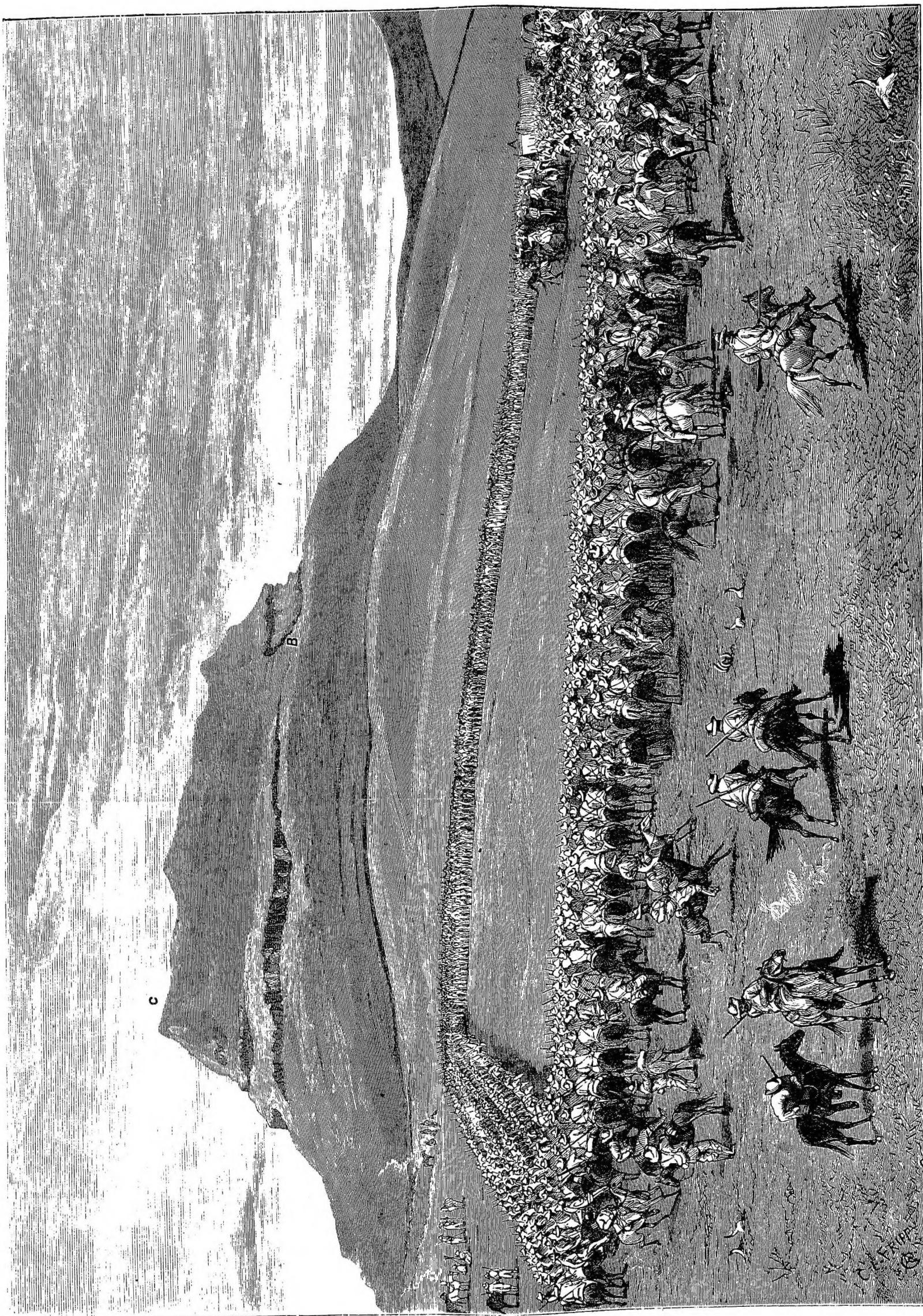


THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE



STATE ENTRY OF THE PRINCESS STÉPHANIE INTO VIENNA—THE BURGOMASTER PRESENTING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN AUSTRIA



A. General Joubert's Tent—B. Way by which the Boers Ascended to Attack the British, Feb. 27.—C. Majuba Hill.
THE NEGOTIATIONS IN THE TRANSVAAL—ASSEMBLY OF BOERS PREVIOUS TO THE EVACUATION OF LAING'S NEK, MARCH 24
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. G. E. FRIPP

those places where the old aqueduct passed high over the surface of the country, iron pipes and siphons have been substituted.—Our engravings, which are from photographs by M. Catalanotti, have been kindly forwarded to us by Mr. A. M. Broadley, of Tunis.

"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

THIS NEW STORY, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 501.

"THE MORNE BRABANTE," MAURITIUS

See page 503.

"PICTURESQUE AMERICA"

OUR engravings are from "Picturesque America," a serial work now being published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, as a companion to their "Picturesque Europe." The illustrations are by well-known Transatlantic artists, who were specially commissioned to visit the most remarkable places on the American Continent, where the field for the artist amid the grand forest and mountain scenery is unbounded, while the various phases of American life, both in town and country, afford no less ample material for his pencil. The result has been eminently satisfactory; the numbers which we have seen teem with steel and wood illustrations of the most picturesque scenery of the United States, and when completed the series will form the most comprehensive illustrated work on the subject which has as yet been published on this side of the Atlantic. Of our engravings we may mention that Mount Holyoke is situated in the Valley of the Connecticut, and that from thence may be obtained one of the loveliest views of that picturesque region. "On the west," we are told, "the eye turns with delight to the populous village of Northampton, exhibiting in its public edifices and private dwellings an unusual degree of neatness and elegance. A little to the right are the quiet and substantial villages of Hadley and Hatfield, and a little more to the east Amherst. Facing the south-west the observer has before him, on the opposite side of the view, the ridge called Mount Tom, rising 100 or 200 feet higher than Holyoke, and dividing the Valley of the Connecticut longitudinally. The western branch of this valley is bounded on the west by the Hoosic range of mountains, which, as seen from Holyoke, runs ridge above ridge for more than twenty miles, checkered with cultivated fields and forests, and not unfrequently enlivened by villages and church spires. In the north-west Graystock may be seen peering above the Hoosic, and still further north, several of the Green Mountains in Vermont shoot up beyond the region of the clouds in imposing grandeur. A little to the south-west the beautiful outline of Mount Everett is often visible; nearer at hand, and in the Valley of the Connecticut, the insulated Sugar Loaf and Mount Toby present their fantastic outlines; while far in the north-east ascends, in dim and misty grandeur, the cloud-capped Monadnoc."

The view of Fort Ticonderoga, from the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, New York State, shows the ruins of one of the few historic places in America that are untouched by the hand of improvement, and unchanged by the renovations of progress. Its crumbling walls are full of history; few places across the Atlantic have so many romantic associations, and have undergone so many vicissitudes of war. It was built in 1755 by the French, who called it Carillon, in allusion to the neighbouring waterfalls. In 1758 General Abercrombie attempted to take it, and next year Lord Amherst succeeded. The English enlarged and strengthened the fortifications which, with the field works, extended over several miles. After the cession of Canada the fort was allowed to fall into decay, but at the outbreak of the Revolution it fell into the hands of the Americans under Colonel Ethan Allen. A battle was fought before its walls in 1776, when the Americans were forced to take refuge under the guns, and in 1777 General Burgoyne captured it, and held it until his surrender, when it was dismantled and abandoned.

Elk Lake Cascade is situated in the Rocky Mountains, not far from the well-known mountain of the Holy Cross. The waterfall leads down from a mountain called Snow Mass, from Elk Lake, through deep gorges and cañons to the Rio Grande.

AFTER THE PLAY

ONE is apt at all times to feel a disillusionising shock on leaving the theatre, but especially, perhaps, during the pantomime season, when the cold and dreary streets form such a contrast to the glories of the Transformation Scene, with its tropically attired denizens. The personages, however, represented in our engraving have not been to see a pantomime. The present Lyceum management does not condescend to such frivolities. They have been listening to *The Cup*, which can scarcely be said to cheer, even if it does not inebriate; or watching the devilish wiles of Iago. In our picture the weather appears to be fine, but it is not always fine when people are quitting the theatre, and then those of them who go home by cab or private carriage feel the benefit of an ample portico such as is provided at the Lyceum. In the parody of Coleridge in that delightful little book, "The Rejected Addresses," there is a passage so apposite to this subject that we venture to quote it. We may observe that the defect at Drury Lane of which the poet complains was afterwards remedied, not improbably in consequence of these very lines:—

Oh! Mr. Whitbread! fie upon you, sir! I think you should have built a colonnade; When tender Beatrix, looking for her couch, Protrudes her gloveless hand, perceives the shower, And draws the tippet close around her throat, Perchance her couch rebounds half-a-dozen off, And, ere she mounts the step, the oozing mud Slaks through her pale kid slipper. On the morrow She coughs at breakfast, and her gruff papa Cries, "There goes go! this comes of playhouses!" To build no portico is penny wise; Heaven grant it prove not in the end pound foolish!



PERHAPS the very last piece in which the gay vivacious M. Sardou would be suspected of finding a hint for one of his extravagant comedies would be the writings of the social philosopher Fourier, regarding whose "Phalansterian School" and "Theory of the Four Movements" so much used to be heard in France in this dramatist's youthful days. Nevertheless it is to a passage in one of Fourier's works that he owes both the title and the notion of his comedy, *La Papillonne*, which some nineteen or twenty years since proved so decidedly objectionable to the tastes of the staid patrons of the Théâtre Français. "Papillonne" is, of course, a feminine form of "papillon," a butterfly; but it is a word here employed to denote an alleged propensity of human nature to gad about in quest of extraneous excitement, when domestic ease and content began to pall by reason of their very completeness. It is this piece, recently revived with success after long oblivion by the company of the Gymnase Theatre in Paris, which forms the basis of Mr. James Mortimer's new play, brought out this week at the CRITERION, with the title of *Butterfly Fever*. This is, we may observe, not the first time that the adaptor has dealt with this play; for it was converted by him into a long farce, played some years ago at the Royalty Theatre, with the title of

A Gay Deceiver. The present version, however, is altogether a more skilful piece of workmanship, and, as it is much better acted and put upon the stage, its success is as complete as that of the former version was doubtful. Mr. Mortimer, according to custom, converts the French story into an English story; and invites us to suppose that the wild proceedings of its eccentric personages take place not at Melun, but in the humdrum agricultural neighbourhood of Saffron Walden. As no effort of the human imagination, however, could enable us to conceive the incidents of the play taking place anywhere, this does not perhaps matter much. This being one of those pieces—like the same author's *Les Pattes de Mouche*—in which a perpetual succession of unexpected incidents keep the various personages in a constant condition of bustling activity, is deemed, and, as experience has shown, not without reason, sufficient to divert attention altogether from mere questions of probability. Thus, when Mr. Wyndham, in the character of Mr. Montague Leyton, turns up in his own country house in quest of a veiled Italian lady whose appearance has inspired in him a sudden interest, we are asked to suppose that he had bought and furnished a villa at Saffron Walden without ever having seen it, and then stumbled into it by the merest accident in the world. "Very absurd," it will, of course, be said; but really, before the spectator has had an opportunity of making the observation the barebrained gentleman is plunged into such a sea of trouble, is so distracted between curiosity regarding the fair incognita, bewilderment regarding the presence on the scene of his own wife, embarrassment regarding the sudden incursion of a furious military officer, and puzzleheadedness regarding the position and purposes of an unknown aunt, who affects to be the Italian lady's maid, that no doubt a much greater measure of improbability would practically escape examination. It is true that when Mr. Montague Leyton permits himself to be blindfolded by this intriguing lady, led out, and after a bootless journey, resembling the celebrated drive of Tony Lumpkin round the family seat of Mr. Hardcastle, led in again and induced to believe that he is in another house inhabited by the fair Italian, there was a matter-of-fact personage somewhere in the pit who exclaimed "Oh!" Doubtless it was the same person who repeated that interjection when Mr. Wyndham, still blindfolded, was found addressing the extravagant gallantries appropriate to farce to the same lady in supposed ignorance of her identity; but the majority of the audience were clearly in no mood to be patient with hypercriticism and fastidiousness of that sort; and altogether much laughter rewarded the efforts of all parties concerned. It is no doubt to be regretted that there is so large a class of playgoers who prefer pieces of this frivolous kind to works of higher literary value; but though *Butterfly Fever* is not a work of high art, nor even remarkable as a display of humorous invention, its merriment has about it that frolicsome audacity which most people find diverting when they are in the mood to enjoy it. The notion of the three gentlemen who sit down in the third act to explain the mishaps and cross-purposes in which they have played a part, only to discover that they are each and all totally unable to throw any light whatever on the business, is really very humorous. Mr. Charles Wyndham revels (for no other word will serve the purpose) in the part of the butterfly husband whose escapades involve him in such puzzling and humiliating scrapes and dilemmas; and Miss Rose Saker, following the traditions of Mlle. Augustine Brohan's original impersonation, laughs very infectiously in the character of the benevolently-intriguing aunt, which she plays with spirit and genuine charm. The wife is represented by Miss Eastlake, a very pleasing and accomplished actress, and other characters are cleverly sustained by Mr. Standing and Mr. Giddens.

Hamlet's exclamation, "Something too much of this," doubtless occurred to more than one person who met last week with the announcement of another Othello in the person of Mr. John McCullough, the American actor, who appeared in this character at DRURY LANE Theatre on Saturday evening. Mr. McCullough's impersonation has the merit of careful delivery and well-studied action; it is also pathetic, and sometimes duly tender; but it is wanting in the subtlety which the complex creations and the poetry of Shakespeare demand; and the performance tends to exaggerate the Moor's fits of violence. The representation altogether is not above the common standard of revivals "for a few nights only," though Mr. Hermann Vezin's well-known impersonation of Iago, and we may add the Brabantio of Mr. Ryder, are redeeming features. Mrs. Arthur Stirling's Emilia, which is less familiar, is really a fine performance, full of excellent lights and shades, and highly finished in elocutionary art. The present season at Drury Lane closes this evening. On the 31st instant the company of the Ducal Theatre of Saxe Meiningen will commence here their series of representations in German of standard English, German, and French plays. Their performances will extend to six weeks.

A new "domestic comedy," entitled *Punch*, is shortly to be produced at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre. "As this title" (says the writer of the Monday article on the theatres in the *Daily News*) "is at once familiar and mysterious, it may be as well to note that it is derived from the circumstance that its humble hero, who resides when at home in Hercules Buildings (where, as will be remembered, our old friend James Triplet, in *Masks and Faces*, rented a modest couple of attics), pursues the avocation of Messrs. Codlin and Short in Charles Dickens's immortal story. Mr. Byron chooses to call this a 'domestic comedy,' as denoting that its humour and satire are in a more homely vein than that which is appropriate to dignified comedy. There is, however, an element of pathos in the story, to which Mr. David James, who plays the part of the itinerant showman, is not unlikely to give more effect than those who remember only his recent humorous impersonations, or retain but a faint impression of his Zekiel Homespun, his stonemason in Mr. Albery's unfortunate play *Tweedle's Rights*, or some other of his earliest performances, will be apt to expect. This applies more especially to the scenes of the second act, wherein the showman appears with the customary itinerant *Punch and Judy* theatre at the house of a gentleman in the country for the purpose of diverting the guests at a children's party. *Punch*, in accordance with Mr. Byron's habit, is entirely of the author's invention. It will be supported by the whole company of the Vaudeville Theatre, with the exception of Mr. Thorne, for whom the new domestic comedy unfortunately furnishes no suitable part."

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—An entire change of programme is announced for Monday, May 30th, consisting of two new pieces by Arthur Lav, entitled *Cherry Tree Farm* and *A Bright Idea*, the music to which is by Hamilton Clarke and Arthur Cecil respectively. Mr. Corney Grain will also give his new musical sketch, entitled *Ye Fancis Faire, 1851*.

On Tuesday evening at the Steinway Hall, Miss Cowen gave a series of recitals, including Tennyson's "Rizpah," and "The Courtship of Edwin Drood and Rosa Bud," by Dickens. Miss Cowen only needs a little more strength of voice to take high rank as a dramatic reciter. Between the recitations Miss Hope Glenn and Mrs. Osgood sang several songs, including three MS. pieces by Mr. F. H. Cowen.

Mr. Harry Jackson's fifth annual benefit will take place at the PRINCESS'S on the 28th inst., when will be performed *The Wonderful Woman*, by C. Dance, and *The Factory Girl*, by Morton, Mr. Jackson playing in both pieces.

Mr. Hollingshead has abandoned his intention of producing Lord Lytton's posthumous play at the LYCEUM this summer. The difficulty of finding adequate representatives of one or two of its characters at this time is stated to be the chief reason of the postponement.—A new piece by Mr. Knight Summers is in rehearsal at the FOLLY. It will occupy only an hour in performance. The chief character will be sustained by Mr. Toole.—The late Mr. Watts

Phillips's play, *Camilla's Husband*, has been revived for a few nights at the PRINCESS'S Theatre, by way of afterpiece to *Branded*. An entire change in the performances, however, will take place when this theatre passes into the hands of Mr. Wilson Barrett, who will migrate here with the company of the COURT Theatre. Mr. Barrett announces his opening night for Saturday, June 4th, when a new version of *Frim-Frou*, by Mr. Comyns Carr, will be performed for the first time, with Madame Modjeska in the part of the heroine.—Mr. Byron's *Blow for Blow* has been revived at SADLER'S WELLS.—Miss Litton and her company will commence a long engagement at the COURT Theatre with a performance of *The Busybody*, on the 6th of June.—The title of Mr. Robert Buchanan's play, *The Exiles of Erin*, at the OLYMPIC has been changed to *The Mormons*.—Six extra special performances of *Othello*, with Mr. Irving, Mr. Booth, and Miss Ellen Terry in their respective characters, are announced at the LYCEUM, besides special morning performances. These facts seem to indicate that the experiment of doubling the prices has not been less successful than was expected.



MR. GLADSTONE was on Tuesday confined to his bed by an attack of dysentery, but on Wednesday was so far recovered as to be able to receive two deputations.

THE PRESTON ELECTION.—Mr. Ecroyd, the Conservative candidate for this seat, is doubtless proud of his intimacy with Mr. John Bright, notwithstanding the fact that the right hon. gentleman has written to his opponent, Mr. Thompson, saying that though he (Mr. Ecroyd) is his personal friend, he knows of no man who is more generally wrong in his political opinions.

THE PEACE SOCIETY held its annual meeting on Tuesday, Mr. A. Pease, M.P., presiding. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who was one of the speakers, expressed his regret that France, which he had hoped was going to set an example to other nations, and get rid of the foolish ideas of military glory, had suddenly yielded to the old spirit, and become almost as bad as ourselves. Europe was one vast camp, a satire upon civilisation and a caricature of Christianity; but he believed that it would be a long time before they got the upper classes of this country to see the folly, the enormity, and the wickedness of war. He wished the people would Boycott the army, and make every one who joined feel that he was entering on an equivocal profession, the same as if he went on the Stock Exchange or opened a pawnbroker's shop.

IRELAND.—There is little news from the sister isle. A few more arrests have been made under the Coercion Act, and some fresh outrages of the old familiar type are reported. Mr. Parnell has received a telegram from America, announcing that a Society of Irishmen there had placed a sum of 20,000/- to the credit of the I and League. At Kilmainham, some other prisoners having been placed in the same infirmary ward with Mr. Dillon, he has, at his own request, been removed thence to an ordinary cell.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S CLAIM TO ENTER PARLIAMENT is about to be made the subject of a series of demonstrations *pro* and *con* throughout the country. On Monday the Mayor of Northampton presided over a meeting at which resolutions were passed protesting against the indignity which had been put upon the borough, while on the other hand Earl Percy takes the chair at a meeting against the proposed Relief Bill, to be held at Exeter Hall on Friday (yesterday). The *Central News* says that Mr. Bradlaugh will, during the next fortnight, address meetings at Bradford, Huddersfield, Rochdale, Manchester, West Bromwich, Birmingham, Cleveland, Darlington, and Rawtenstall; and adds that letters of adhesion to the movement in defence of constitutional rights are arriving by each post, and Nonconformists are offering to find funds for carrying on the agitation.

H.M.S. "DOTEREL"—The survivors of the *Doterel* are expected at Liverpool on the 31st inst. Commander Evans will report himself at once at Whitehall, the others will go direct to the *Duke of Wellington* flagship at Portsmouth, on board of which the Court-martial will be held. No credence is given by the Government to the statement that the vessel was blown up by Fenians.

THE VICTORIA CROSS has been awarded by Her Majesty to Captain (now Brevet-Major) E. H. Sartorius, 59th Foot, Sergeant Patrick Mullane, R.H.A., and Gunner James Collins, R.H.A., for conspicuous bravery in the Afghan war; and to Provisional Lance Corporal J. J. Farmer, Army Hospital Corps, for conspicuous bravery in the fight on Majuba Hill.

A NIMILIST MEETING of Russians, Poles, Roumanians, and others was held on Saturday at the Slavonic Club House, Hampstead Street, Fitzroy Square, at which a resolution was passed, expressing deep sympathy with Herr Most, protesting against his confinement by the English Government, and indignation at the social oppression suffered by the Jews in Southern Russia.

THE VEGETARIAN SOCIETY held a conference at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Tuesday, with Professor Newman, the President, in the chair. Dr. Doremus, in a paper on "Metropolitan Work," stated that the Society had twelve restaurants, in which about 3,000 persons dined every day.

THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION held its annual festival on Saturday, under the presidency of Lord Rosebery. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of 2,584/-, including 50/- from the chairman, 200/- from the Fine Arts Society, and 81/- from the Art Sketching Club.

A MEETING OF RAILWAY SERVANTS and their sympathisers was held on Wednesday, in Exeter Hall, under the chairmanship of Mr. Passmore Edwards, M.P., in support of the Nine Hours' Movement. Several Members of Parliament were among the speakers, and resolutions were passed, declaring reform to be urgently necessary. It was stated that the ordinary working hours of drivers and guards were ten to twelve daily, whilst too frequently they extended to seventeen and eighteen.

AN INLAND PARCEL POST is to be started by the Post Office in October next. It will be a great boon to the public; but we hope it is not true that in rural districts the letter-carriers are to be burdened with parcels of all weights up to 4 lbs. The letter-bags which they now have to carry are sufficiently bulky, considering the long distances they have to trudge.

THE POLICE BUILDINGS in Dale Street, Liverpool, were on Monday night the scene of another attempted outrage, which may or may not have been perpetrated by Fenians. A piece of piping about eighteen inches long and three inches in diameter, filled with some explosive, and with a fuse attached, was placed in a passage near where about a hundred policemen are lodged. It exploded, but did little harm, the only damage being some broken windows and a shattered door. A reward of 20/- has been offered for information concerning the crime.

DR. HUMPHREY SANDWITH, C.B., the celebrated soldier-physician, who was attached to Mr. Layard's Expedition to Nineveh, and was with General Williams during the defence of Kars, died at Paris, on Monday, after an illness of three weeks. He was fifty-nine years of age.

MAY 21, 1881



AFTER a long and unaccountable lull the Irish Members have begun to reassert themselves. An epidemic of movements for the adjournment of the House at question time has broken out below the gangway, and the course of public business has suffered accordingly. On Monday Mr. Healy began it in a characteristically offensive manner. It appears that some placards convening a public meeting at Enniscorthy to denounce "Buckshot Forster" (meaning the Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant) had been torn down by an indignant police. This circumstance being reported to Mr. Healy, he placed on the paper a question addressed to Mr. Forster. In accordance with a beneficent practice introduced last Session, questions put on the paper in the House of Commons are now taken as read. This being so, it was obvious that if the question was left as it stood its object would be defeated, inasmuch as the offensive epithet would not gain fresh currency in England through the medium of the newspapers. Mr. O'Donnell was equal to the occasion, and he supplemented Mr. Healy's printed question by the inquiry "whether it was because the placard alluded to the Chief Secretary as 'Buckshot Forster' it was torn down?"

It is very easy for onlookers to say that the wisest and most dignified course for Mr. Forster to take in these circumstances would have been gravely to return answers in official phraseology, or to have made a jest of what was meant for a malignancy. Mr. Forster is not quite big enough to play a game of this kind. Perhaps his mind is a little soured by constant attacks of this petty character. However it be, he sat with frowning face and folded arms, making no sign of rising to answer the question. This sort of rebuke would have been very well to the average class of English or Scotch Members. But Mr. Healy did precisely what might have been expected of him. He availed himself of a right given to private Members for quite other purposes, and moved the adjournment of the House, whilst he proceeded to enlarge upon the delinquencies of the unhappy Chief Secretary. Protest on the part of the House and dignified rebuke from the Speaker were equally thrown away, and only served to prolong the interlude, for which Mr. Healy has the additional gratification of knowing that Mr. Forster is chiefly blamed.

It is within the memory of Members returned to the last Parliament when a motion for the adjournment of the House at question time was an incident sufficient to mark the current of affairs for fully one half of the Session. We have so far advanced that the House is only mildly surprised to find such a motion made twice at question time on single night. This was done on Monday. The echo of Mr. Healy's pleasant voice had scarcely died away, when Mr. Montague Guest rose from the other side of the House and moved the adjournment, whilst he called attention to affairs in Tunis. This interruption received more favour on the Conservative benches than did that for which Mr. Healy was responsible. Mr. Montague Guest, in charging the Government with being hoodwinked and led into a trap by the French Government in the matter of Tunis, was followed by a continuous storm of cheering from the Opposition, till an incidental reference to the name of Lord Salisbury brought about a sudden calm, observed by the Ministerialists with loud laughter and ironical cheering. Mr. Gladstone, who had just arrived, looking very ill, made a brief speech deprecating discussion on the matter whilst yet information on which opinion might be formed was not before the House. Papers were, he said, in preparation, and he dexterously dropped a hint that when published they would be found to contain much more matter relating to correspondence between Lord Salisbury and the French Government in the matter of Tunis than between Earl Granville and the present Ministry in Paris.

Mr. Gladstone had come down with other purpose than to interpose in a conversation about Tunis. When the debate on the Irish Land Bill was adjourned on the previous Thursday, it was with the understanding that the Solicitor-General for Ireland should renew it on Monday, the Premier following the customary course of winding up the debate at whatever hour it might close. But premonitions of coming sickness warned Mr. Gladstone that if he took part in the debate at all he must do it speedily. He could not, as he told the House on Monday, remain throughout the whole of the sitting, and therefore seized the first opportunity to say what he had at heart. There is a tendency on the part of critics, whenever Mr. Gladstone has delivered a speech, to declare either that it is "the finest," or "one of the finest" that he has ever made. This assertion has been made with great freedom in respect to the speech of Monday. However it stands in relation with others from the same lips, it is certain it would be difficult to match this address in the matters of force, eloquence, and subtlety of argument. It was not very long, as Mr. Gladstone's speeches go, occupying only an hour and a half in the delivery. The first portion was devoted to taking up the arguments against the Bill set forth in the earlier part of the debate. But it was in the latter half that the significance of the speech and the occasion of its delivery lay hid.

This portion of his remarks the Premier devoted to consideration of what the Opposition were going to do in respect of the Second Reading. It was pretty clearly known what course they were about to take. Lord John Manners having abandoned his own amendment almost immediately after laying it on the table, the chiefs of the Opposition had decided upon the less responsible course of supporting Lord Elcho's amendment. It was known, also, that whilst the Ministerialists would vote for the Second Reading with a unanimity rarely equalled in the annals of the Liberal party, the Conservatives would, in not less unusual manner, be divided. The Ulster Tories would be compelled to vote for the Second Reading, and Mr. Rodwell on Monday openly announced that he "could not and would not" vote for Lord Elcho's amendment, and it was known that Mr. Rodwell spoke for several Conservatives of equally high position in the party. Therefore, what the Opposition would do in the Commons was a matter of very little importance, and still less speculation. Every one knew that the solemn words spoken by the Premier were meant to reach "another place," and that he was once more warning the House of Lords to be wise, and wise in time.

Tuesday had the customary motion for the adjournment at question time. It was moved by Mr. Lalor in a halting speech much briefer than is usual in Irish members. But for any little deficiency in this quarter Mr. Healy made up by insisting upon dividing. As only a score of Irish members could be got together in this vexatious performance, and as the whole House went into the other lobby, the division took an unusually long time, and on the whole was a success. It cannot be said that this little eccentricity stood in the way of important public business. Most people admit that the rules of debate in the House of Commons require reformation, if only it were in the direction of meeting cases such as that which had presented itself at question time. But, in spite of isolated evidence to the contrary, the House of Commons is, above all, dominated by common sense. There was not the slightest chance of practical good coming out of such a discussion at this particular time. If the House of Commons is going to reform its rules, it will have to be prepared practically to give up a

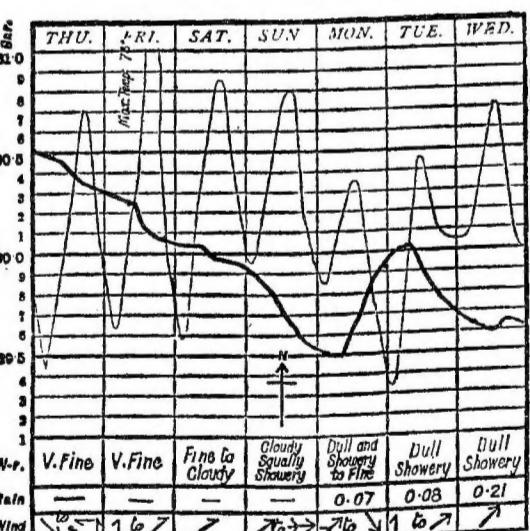
whole Session to the work. Whether it would not be wise on the score of ultimate saving of time to make such a sacrifice may be a question worthy of consideration. But there is no question that beyond practice in debate there was no good to be got out of discussing Mr. Dilwyn's resolution. Nor was there any more in taking into account Mr. H. Fowler's proposition to revise and reduce the national expenditure. The House dwindled down to a dozen members, which fact being noted by the eagle eye of Mr. Biggar he brought the proceedings to a close by a count-out.

Wednesday the Scotch and Melancholy marked for their own. The subject under discussion was Education in Scotland, Dr. Cameron proposing to make it free. The Bill was thrown out after a long and dry discussion.

LONDON FIRES.—Only two or three weeks ago a fatal fire occurred at Walworth, in which four persons lost their lives by suffocation, being penned by the flames in a back-room, the position of which afforded little chance of assistance reaching them, even had their whereabouts been discovered earlier than it was. This catastrophe has now been followed by another, the details of which are even more horrible. On Monday night a fire broke out in a house at Notting Hill, in which six persons who occupied the uppermost floor were literally burnt to death. The building must have been of the most flimsy material, for in twenty minutes the floors gave way, carrying with them the blackened and dismembered remains of the unfortunate victims, which were subsequently collected from amongst the *debris*. The policeman, who first discovered the fire, rescued two people from the back of the premises before he ran to call the fire brigade, and there was consequently a delay of fourteen minutes, but in nine minutes more the engines were at work, and the fire-escape arrived somewhat earlier, but was unfortunately disabled by the intense heat as soon as it was placed against the house. The disaster has naturally caused a great deal of excitement in the locality, and public attention is again called in the most forcible manner to the inadequacy of the means which exist in the metropolis of saving life and property from destruction by fire. This is not on account of any defect or inefficiency in the engines and apparatus employed, which are perhaps the best of their kind in the world, nor of any shortcomings on the part of the men, who are models of activity and devotion. It is because the Brigade is ridiculously weak in numbers considering the magnitude of the task it is expected to perform. Over and over again has this fact been pointed out, and Londoners have been warned that in the event of two or three large fires occurring simultaneously in different parts of the metropolis (a contingency which may occur at any moment), the existing staff of the Fire Brigade would be utterly powerless to cope with them. According to the estimate made in 1876 by Captain Shaw, London should have then been furnished with 169 stations, 330 engines, 200 escapes, and 930 men, at a cost of about 120,000/- a year. Since then the metropolis has, as we all know, been spreading rapidly in every direction, and yet Captain Shaw's last annual report shows that we have only 61 stations, 154 engines, 135 escapes, and 485 firemen, costing a little over 80,000/- annually. A comparison of these figures will give some idea of how much the Brigade falls short of efficiency; and such fearful disasters as those which have just occurred at Walworth and Notting Hill ought to act as a warning to us to set about an immediate and thorough reform. In view of the disablement of the fire-escape at Notting Hill, it seems clear that these machines cannot always be relied upon, and it is the obvious duty of every house-owner to see that some easy means of egress by way of the roof is provided. The "hydrant" system might also be more generally adopted if the water companies could be persuaded to provide a constant and sufficient pressure, for it is notorious that the most precious moments are those immediately after the discovery of fire, and before the arrival of the engines.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

MAY 12 TO MAY 18 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade for temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather at the commencement of the week was very fine and bright, with light southerly and south-westerly winds, and a rather high temperature. These conditions lasted until Sunday (May 15), when a deep depression began to appear on our western coasts, and the weather in London soon became extremely rough, squally, and unsettled. Some very heavy showers fell in the evening, and again on Monday (16th inst.), but as the depression then passed away eastward, the weather improved for a time. On Tuesday (17th inst.), however, a new depression came on in the west, and during the ensuing night the wind again became extremely squally from the south-west, with heavy rain. The reports of Wednesday (18th inst.) showed that the weather was very unsettled in all parts of the kingdom, and that further disturbances were about to advance over us from the Atlantic. The barometer was highest (30.49 inches) on Thursday (12th inst.); lowest (29.49 inches) on Monday (16th inst.); (30.49 inches) on Thursday (12th inst.); lowest (29.49 inches) on Friday (17th inst.); lowest range, 29.00 inches. Temperature was highest (73 deg.) on Friday (17th inst.); lowest (47 deg.) on Tuesday (17th inst.); range, 26 deg. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.36 inches. Greatest fall on any one day (0.22 inches) on Wednesday (18th inst.).

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.—A large and influential gathering of the supporters of this institution was held under the presidency of Earl Derby at Willis's Rooms on Friday last, a festival dinner not having been given since eleven years. A very strong effort is being made to keep up the standard of efficiency of this institution, which attends to the maladies of 2,000 in-patients and 20,000 out-patients annually—benefits that must be curtailed unless substantial aid be had to help in the present crisis of affairs. There are large Maternity Charity and Cancer Wards, where the unfortunate patients remain for the remainder of their lives surrounded with every comfort and attention—a distinct, and probably unique, condition of hospital life. Subscriptions can be sent to, and full information obtained from, the Secretary, Major Ralph Leeson, at the hospital, Berners Street, London, W.C.



FROZEN FISH from England has arrived at Melbourne in good condition, and has been selling at 4s. per lb.

AN ASYLUM FOR SICK ANIMALS is to be established near Paris by the Society for the Protection of Animals.

GEORGE ELIOT'S MOTHER, the *Colonies* states, is still alive, although ninety years old. She is now in Hobart, Tasmania.

ANCIENT GREEK DANCES have been introduced in Parisian fashionable circles, hostesses having grown weary of the eternal *cotillon*. Another Society innovation hails from New York, where every fashionable boudoir is now as fragrant as a Roman Catholic Church after High Mass, incense being burnt in elaborate bronze dishes on the different tables.

MR. BLACKBURN'S ACADEMY AND GROSVENOR "NOTES" once again make a welcome appearance; being respectively the seventh and fourth issues. They scarcely require any fillip of praise from us, and if they did it would be difficult to say anything fresh in way of commendation. All who know them will get them, and all who don't know them ought to, for they form a record as interesting as it is useful, and as appropriate as it is pretty of the two great picture shows of the year.

THE PORK PANIC has certainly not reached Goa, for a correspondent of the *Times of India* relates that on Easter Eve the town of Panjim resounded with the shrieks of pigs which were being sacrificed for the next day's feast. Goa pigs act as scavengers, by the way, and accordingly, though trichinosis is as yet unknown, other disease is plentiful among the natives. Another Easter feature in Panjim was the boat-loads of fair devotees, their heads loaded with natural flowers, and their figures draped entirely in long white sheets.

HERR WAGNER'S *Ring der Nibelungen* when played in Berlin was rehearsed with such secrecy that even the composer himself was asked not to be present. The manager was so anxious that no details should leak out that for three days the theatre was closely shut, and the porter would not allow a soul to enter. Even the Crown Prince was himself, who wanted to attend one of the rehearsals *incog.*, was politely assured that he would thus only obtain an imperfect impression of the general performance which it was hoped he would honour with his presence.

SOME RELICS OF THE YOUNG PRETENDER were sold in London last week, owing to the recent death of his last descendant, the Comte d'Albanie. Amongst the most interesting mementoes were an ivory casket, said to have been given by Francis I. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold to Henry VIII., who subsequently presented it to Mary, widow of James II. of Scotland, and which sold for 136/- 10s.; a hunting-knife, supposed to be the gift of Frederick the Great of Prussia to Prince Charles Edward Stuart, 75/- 12s.; and a garter worn by the Countess of Derwentwater, a devoted adherent of the Pretender.

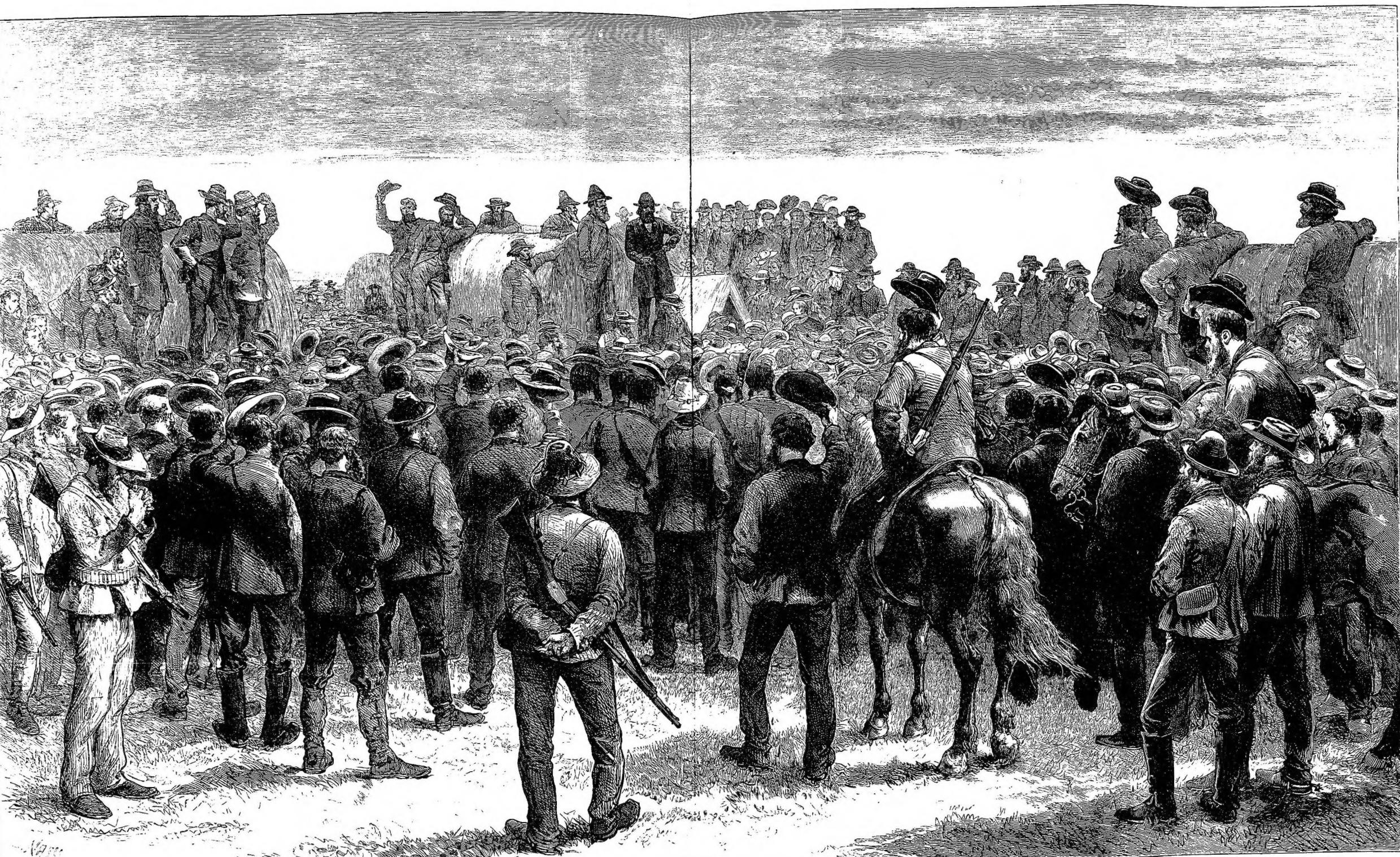
LONDON MORTALITY again decreased last week, and 1,427 deaths were registered against 1,472 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 45, being 79 below the average, and at the rate of 20.1 per 1,000. There were 69 fatal cases of small-pox (a decline of 19), and 1,225 patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Small-pox Hospitals on Saturday last, the number of new cases admitted to the hospitals during the week being 379. There were 2,561 births registered against 2,515 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 42. The mean temperature of the air was 50.7 deg., and 0.8 deg. below the average.

THE SCARCITY OF BRITISH VISITORS TO BRUSSELS of late years is being bitterly lamented by the Belgians, who find one of their chief sources of income sadly curtailed. Formerly Belgium was the great highroad to Germany, but now, owing to the cheaper and quicker transit by Holland and by the Flushing passage, the Brussels route is comparatively deserted, and the receipts of the Ostend line diminish yearly. According to the *Brussels National*, the Brussels route is racking their brains to improve the state of affairs, and propose to establish an express between Brussels and Mayence, via Huy, which would be cheaper than the present journey by Liège and Cologne, and would occupy four hours less.

THERE ARE NEARLY NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE MEN in the United States than there are women, the census of 1880 showing a total population of 50,152,866, the males numbering 25,520,582, and the females 24,632,284. The State in which the sexes are most evenly balanced is Maine, where the fair sex are 777 in excess. It is curious that in Utah, the land of the polygamists, there are only 93,240 females to 100,000 males. Of course, in the mining States in the Far West the males considerably outnumber the women, and this is the case in thirty States and Territories, the women having the advantage in only seventeen, though amongst them are the whole of the Atlantic Coast States, un gallant Delaware excepted.

ARCTIC AFFAIRS are prominent in Transatlantic scientific circles just now, for not only has the relief steamer *Corwin* at length started in search of the *Jeannette*, but the United States Signal Service Polar Expedition will shortly leave for Lady Franklin Bay to establish the first of that chain of scientific observatories with which it is intended to surround the Arctic Circle. The members of the latter Expedition will have plenty to do, as besides taking a series of meteorological observations—which are intended to be compared with similar series taken by other nations, in order to gain some knowledge of the atmospheric movements in the Polar basin which influence the weather in our latitudes—they are to study magnetic phenomena, ocean currents, and other physical conditions, the station being also used if opportunity offers as a base for further Polar researches. Still, their task is not altogether enviable, for, as the *New York Herald* points out, "to settle down for a year or two to the work of recording barometer and thermometer ranges in the heart of the icy wilderness is much more trying than amid the exciting scenes of an Arctic voyage to be making a dash at the Pole." To return, however, to the *Corwin*, she will be followed in a month's time by the *Rodgers* with further stores.

DUELLING ON THE CONTINENT promises to become somewhat of a farce, if we are to believe two stories of recent affairs of honour. Thus two worthy citizens of Tréves, after many quarrels, arranged a meeting with revolvers, and duly appeared on the ground. The seconds, being peacefully disposed, extracted the balls unknown to the challenger, who fired away with great courage. At the third shot the challenged party fell down, feigning to be fatally hit, and his adversary rushed off in terror to inform his parents of the disaster, deciding not to await the action of justice, but to quit the country. Meanwhile his "mortally wounded" victim stole quietly home, but just as he got there met his quondam foe starting for the land of exile. The matter was immediately cleared up, and the courageous duelists were reconciled. A similar stratagem, however, was not so successful in a late Roman duel, where an Italian officer challenged an obnoxious editor. They met, exchanged shots without any murderous result, and honour was duly satisfied. Unfortunately the authorities got wind of the affair, and summoned the pair for "criminal duelling." The officer's horror may be imagined when it leaked out that the considerate seconds had loaded the pistols with chocolate drops, and he is now said to be insisting upon a second duel.



THE NEGOTIATIONS IN THE TRANSVAAL—GENERAL JOUBERT ADDRESSING THE BOERS BEFORE THEIR DISPERSAL HOMEWARDS
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



FRANCE AND TUNIS.—The French Government has promptly followed up the Tunisian Manifesto by compelling the Bey to sign a Treaty virtually reducing Tunis to a French dependency. On Friday week Consul Roustan called on the Bey, and intimated that General Bréard desired an interview. This being duly granted, the French general appeared, read a despatch authorising him to negotiate an arrangement establishing on a firm basis the influence of France in Tunis, and forthwith pulled a cut-and-dried form of Treaty out of his pocket, read it to the Bey, and requested him to sign it. The Bey asked for time to consult his Council, and the general gave him until nine o'clock that evening. The Tunisian ruler, however, made up his mind two hours earlier, and, sending for the French representative, signed the document then and there, merely asking that the French troops would refrain from entering Tunis, a request to which the French Government agreed the following day. The Treaty in question begins by confirming existing commercial conventions, and then the Bey undertakes to accord the French Government "every facility for assuring the security of the shore and frontiers of the Kegency by an occupation, the extent and conditions of which will be determined hereafter." This occupation, however, is to cease when the Bey can show that he can insure the security of the frontier; and in return the French Government guarantees the Bey's State from "all external aggression." France is to have a Minister-Resident at Tunis to watch over French interests; while Tunisian affairs abroad are to be protected by the French Diplomatic agents; and the Bey promises not to conclude any Treaty without the sanction of France. France also is to have the settlement of the Tunisian debt, and is to receive a war indemnity from the Kroumirs. Thus it will be seen that the Treaty covers a good deal of ground, and indeed it would be difficult to find a nearer approach to "the idea of annexation," which was so virtuously repudiated by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. We wonder what M. Thiers would have said to this diplomatic *coup d'état* of his old *fidus achates*, M. Barthélémy St. Hilaire, who is evidently showing himself as ardent in the service of M. Gambetta as he did in that of the old statesman by whom the man who actually rules the destinies of France was once dubbed a *fou furieux*.

The sudden conclusion of the Treaty at the sword's point has certainly taken Europe by surprise. The Bey has protested to the Porte—but evidently *pro forma*—that he acted under compulsion, and the Porte has duly replied by yet another protest to the Powers. Italy is furious, and is venting her wrath upon unfortunate Signor Cairoli and the late Ministry; Austria is startled, but in no way inclined to interfere; while Germany is chuckling at the thought of the valuable precedent that this high-handed action will create. In France itself the step is regarded as a clever piece of diplomacy, and the journals are professing great surprise at the indignation with which it has been received in Italy, and particularly in England. *Tu quoque*, is the reply, and we are reminded of our own little wars, annexations, and protectorates, Cabul, Cyprus, and the Transvaal are quoted, while the old taunt that England left France unaided in 1870 is once more revived, the point being particularly enlarged upon by M. Gambetta's *République Française*. Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Treaty in the House of Commons, however, is highly praised, particularly the portion in which he claimed for France the courtesy and consideration due to a friendly Power. The *Debats* in particular dwells upon the Premier's endorsement of Lord Salisbury's declaration "that an Anglo-French alliance is essential to the progress of civilisation."

In TUNIS itself all is quiet, and the various hostile tribes are now sending in offers of submission to the French General, who has paid a visit to the city with General Meurand, being escorted by Tunisian soldiers during their stay; he has also held a grand review at which the Bey was present. The Heir Apparent, however, has refused to sign the Treaty, and while there is no open manifestation of hostility to the new *régime*, the educated classes are vaguely hoping that the Powers will interfere, while the terms are carefully concealed from the great mass of the Arabs. M. Roustan, the Consul-General, who has taken so active a part in the whole affair, has been appointed the Minister-Resident.

In FRANCE proper, now that the Tunisian Question is so far settled, the vexed question of the *scrutin de liste* is once more exciting general interest and controversy. As the Government is neutral, and even divided in opinion, on the subject, M. Bardoux's Bill is not in any way a Ministerial measure, but is universally regarded as a trial of strength by M. Gambetta, who is anxious for the change, as it will give him an opportunity of showing by a virtual plebiscite how universally popular he is, and consequently that he is the only possible candidate for the Presidency when M. Grévy retires. Thus the rejection of the Bill—and, taking into consideration the glorious uncertainty of the French political mind, such an event is not wholly unlikely—would be regarded as a direct defeat of M. Gambetta, and a sign that he had over-calculated his influence with his followers. The Report of the Committee, which was hostile to the measure, was presented to the Chamber on Monday, and the debate was adjourned until Thursday, when an exciting sitting was expected. The Tunisian Treaty was also to be presented to the Chamber on the same day.—To turn for a moment to lighter topics, Sarah Bernhardt arrived on Sunday at Havre from her tour in the United States, meeting with an enthusiastic and almost public reception.

The Paris Salon under its new management has proved unusually attractive, and during the first week the entrance fees amounted to 2,800 francs, an unprecedented sum. Thirty-seven thousand people visited the exhibition on the first free day.

ITALY.—The Franco-Tunisian Treaty, as we have said, has created the most profound alarm and indignation throughout Italy. Signor Cairoli and his colleagues, who had been giving to the Chamber the most complete assurances of the good faith of France and of the innocence of her intentions, resigned on the announcement of the signature of the Treaty, and Signor Sella has succeeded in forming a Cabinet from the Pure Right. There is little chance of stability, however, at present for his Ministry, as the different sections of the Left, which were divided in supporting Cairoli, are united in opposing Signor Sella—their common enemy. The Italians are not simply annoyed at France for having supplanted their influence in Tunis, but they are apprehensive of the French establishing a strong naval position at Bizerta, whence a descent could easily be made upon Sicily should war break out between the two countries—an eventuality which at the present time is being looked upon as far from improbable.

The Pope has been directing his attention to the Roman Catholic clergy in England, and has issued a Bull prescribing the relations between the regular clergy and the Episcopate. The document eulogises both the priests and laity, and concludes with an urgent appeal to the Bishops and clergy for unity and concord, so that they may labour more effectively for the saving of souls, the advice being quoted which was given to the first missionaries to England by Pope Gregory.

RUSSIA.—The hopes that Czar Alexander III. was about to begin his reign in a truly liberal manner by such measures as

the proposed financial liberation of the peasant landowners, a ukase for which had been drawn up by Count Melikoff, have suddenly been dashed by the issue of the proclamation last week, declaring his determination to continue his father's autocratic rule. This change of front is due to the influence of the autocratic party headed by General Ignatiess, and the manifesto in question was unknown to Count Melikoff until it was published. This more liberal-minded Minister at once resigned, declining even to attend the Czar in answer to a summons, pleading illness as his excuse. He has been succeeded by General Ignatiess, whose "no surrender" opinions are well known. Great disappointment is felt throughout the Empire at the abandonment of the policy of reform, and, although the journals refrain from any violent expressions of disapproval for reasons easily understood, they say as much in its disfavour as they dare. General Ignatiess's first step was to issue a manifesto—save in one point—every whit as uncompromising as that of the Czar, and declaring that "none but an Autocrat strong in the attachment and unbounded love of a great people can even with the enlightened co-operation of the best sons of the Fatherland successfully remove the great evil from which Russia is suffering." The General, however, promises that the burdens of taxation shall be lightened, and this is thought to foreshadow the issue of Count Melikoff's agrarian measure after all. The gauntlet thus thrown down to the Nihilists will doubtless be speedily taken up, and we shall have a repetition of the old conflict of arbitrary measures on the part of the Government against widespread conspiracies on the part of the Socialists, which will permit of little attention being devoted to the internal welfare of the community at large, which from last accounts would appear to be becoming more chaotic than ever.

The Anti-Semitic agitation is widely spreading, and several further riots have occurred in various small towns, while the most stringent precautions have been necessitated to prevent an outbreak in the larger cities such as Warsaw and Odessa.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The meetings between the Turkish delegates and the Foreign Ambassadors at Constantinople to consider the details of the Convention for the rectification of the Greek frontier appear to be bearing fruit. At first the Turkish delegates proposed additional conditions, but after some argument withdrew them, and a complete understanding on all points is now speedily expected. The sudden conciliatory attitude of the Porte is attributed in some quarters to a desire to win the Powers over to support the Sultan in his views respecting the suzerainty of Tunis.

In the mean time, the Greeks are getting impatient, have addressed a note to the Powers urging for an immediate settlement, and are still busily preparing for war in the event of the negotiations being broken off.

The proposed public prosecution of the asserted murderers of Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz is after all to be held. Midhat Pasha is now asserted to be implicated in the crime, and on Tuesday, finding his palace at Smyrna suddenly surrounded by troops, he took refuge in the French Consul's house, and appealed to the foreign diplomatic body for protection. The French Government, however, as the crime with which he is charged is one at common law, declined to protect him, and he was accordingly surrendered to the Turkish authorities. He has been dismissed from his post as Governor, and Ali Pasha, who has been appointed to succeed him, has been ordered to institute an inquiry into his conduct.

INDIA.—As had been expected, active preparations are now being made for hostilities by both Ayoob Khan and Abdurrahman Khan, but it is the latter who intends to begin the campaign. He will, it is said, attack Herat from two quarters—a northern army, under Sirdar Ishak Khan, advancing by Maimana, and a southern force, led by the Ameer himself, marching from Candahar by the Helmund. It is thought that Abdurrahman has already left Kabul, Sirdar Alami Khan being in charge during his absence. As for Ayoob, he has publicly announced his intention to oppose Abdurrahman's threatened attack by advancing to Zamindawar with all the troops which he can get together. As Ayoob, however, is very unpopular in Herat, it is thought that Abdurrahman, if he displays sufficient energy and promptitude, will come off the victor, and be received with open arms by the Heratis.

UNITED STATES.—There is a serious political crisis in the United States. For some time past President Garfield's nomination of Mr. Robertson to the Collectorship of New York Customs has been opposed by Mr. Conkling, whose support of Mr. Garfield at the Chicago Convention helped the latter to the Presidency. As soon as President Garfield, however, actually assumed office, he appears, with the exception of appointing Mr. Blaine to the Secretarieship of State, to have disregarded the claims of the professional "politicians" who had assisted him, and to have displayed an independence in his nominations which greatly disappointed those who had reckoned to share in the "spoils" which, according to the present American maxim, belong to the victor. Thus, as the Republicans only boasted of a majority of two in the Senate, Mr. Conkling and his co-senator for New York, Mr. Pratt, prevented the ratification of the President's nominations, but, finding him firm, resigned their senatorships, and declared their intention of setting up for re-election, untrammelled by any promise to support the present Administration. The Senate, however, have now ratified Mr. Robertson's appointment, and as Mr. Conkling's action is blamed by a large section of the Republican party, it is doubtful whether he will secure his re-election. The whole affair is regarded as a struggle between Messrs. Conkling and Blaine (who has advised President Garfield in the matter) for the leadership of the Republican party. The result of the quarrel is looked forward to with some anxiety, as it will decide whether the President or the Senators is to have the disposal of patronage. If the latter are victorious then all hopes of Civil Service reform must be abandoned. Such a split in the Republican party is regarded as most disastrous, more especially as, with the true Transatlantic love of throwing mud, President Garfield's opponents are now accusing him of having promised various posts to Mr. Morton and others if they would give him financial support during the elections, and of now throwing them over and giving them less than their due. In these assertions they are supported by the *New York Herald*, which declares that it can support all the statements made by incontrovertible proofs. Certainly political morality in the United States does not advance in proportion to its commercial prosperity.

The reports on the prevalence of hog cholera have now been investigated by the State Department, and have been declared to be utterly false.—The amount of gold coin in the United States has increased during the past two years by 234,000,000 dols.—being now 524,000,000 dols.—A great fire has raged at Nashville, Tennessee, causing damage to the amount of 100,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In GERMANY Prince Bismarck has received another rebuff at the hands of the Reichstag, whose members have now rejected his measure for biennial budgets and quadrennial Parliaments, and also his proposal for a new beer tax.—CYPRUS is swarming with locusts, who are making terrible havoc amongst the wheat crops.—The plague epidemic in MESOPOTAMIA appears to be yielding to the stringent efforts of the authorities.—In TURKESTAN Sheik Obeidullah is again showing signs of insubordination, and has collected a force of 20,000 men, manifestly for an incursion into Persian territory.—The Holy City of MECCA is stated to be besieged by some Bedouin tribes, who demand the surrender of certain Sheiks who have been made captive by the Grand Scherif. The inhabitants are said to be staunchly defending their city.—In CANADA the reported intention of the Marquis of Lorne to resign has been officially contradicted.



THE QUEEN has now gone to Scotland for her usual spring visit. On Saturday Her Majesty gave audience to the Judge-Advocate-General, and in the afternoon with Princess Beatrice drove to the Royal aviary to see Lord Beaconsfield's two favourite peacocks, which had been presented to the Queen by the late Earl's executors. Princess Louise arrived in the evening, when the Marquis of Hartington, Lord and Lady Brooke, and the Hon. H. and Mrs. Bourke dined with Her Majesty. Next morning the Queen and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. F. Paget preached, and in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone arrived on a visit, and, with the Dean of Windsor, dined with Her Majesty. Princess Louise and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left the Castle on Monday morning, when the Comte d'Eu lunched with the Queen, and in the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice drove to Kingston to visit the ex-Empress Eugénie at Coombe Cottage, while Princess Christian dined with the Queen in the evening. The King and Queen of Sweden and Norway visited Her Majesty on Tuesday, being received at the station by Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, and after luncheon Queen Victoria invested King Oscar with the Order of the Garter. St. George's and the Albert Memorial Chapel were then inspected by the King and Queen of Sweden, who subsequently left for London. Her Majesty also received Lord Torrington on his return from the Austrian wedding, and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who, as Chairman of the Committee of Revision, offered the Queen a copy of the newly-revised New Testament. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Miss Tait also arrived at the Castle, and afterwards joined the Royal party at dinner. On Wednesday Her Majesty held a Council, and the Princess Beatrice came up to London, and visited the United Arts Gallery. The Queen and the Princess Beatrice were to leave for Balmoral yesterday (Friday), accompanied by the two eldest daughters of the Grand Duke of Hesse, Princesses Victoria and Ella, who were expected to arrive on the previous evening, escorted by Prince Christian. Her Majesty will return to Windsor about the 18th prox., and has fixed July 9th for the Volunteer Review in Windsor Park. Subsequently the Queen will go as usual to Osborne, and at the end of August to Scotland, stopping at Edinburgh to hold a Volunteer Review there.

The Prince of Wales is daily expected home from Austria. He has been visiting Pesth, where he received a most enthusiastic welcome, a grand dinner being given in his honour by the Club of Nobles, and the citizens cheering him heartily on his appearance at the races. The Prince also attended a ball, visited the Horse Show, and dined with Count Julius Andressy. Returning to Vienna on Monday, the Prince was visited by the Emperor, dined with the Duke of Nassau, and was present at the French Ambassador's *soirée*, while on Wednesday he left for Gmunden to spend a short time with the Duke of Cumberland on his way home. The Prince holds a *levée* on Monday.—The Princess of Wales on Wednesday evening was present at the first State Ball of the season at Buckingham Palace, which was also attended by the other members of the Royal Family.—Princes Albert-Victor and George have experienced very stormy weather of late, a gale having so damaged the *Bacchante* that she had to put into Albany, Western Australia, for repairs. The vessel rejoins the Detached Squadron at Cape Otway this week. Both Princes are well.

Princess Christian on Saturday opened the bazaar at the Cannon Street Hotel in aid of Mrs. Hilton's *crèche* at Stepney, and subsequently visited the Panorama of Balaclava in Leicester Square. The Princess attended the evening service at St. George's Chapel next day.—Princess Louise on Monday visited the United Arts Gallery.



THE REVISED VERSION of the New Testament, the joint work of English and American Biblical scholars, was simultaneously published on both sides of the Atlantic on Tuesday, on which day a copy was presented to the Primate in Convocation, who expressed the thanks of both Houses to the Committee for their labours. After the members of the Lower House had retired, the Bishop of Gloucester made a long speech, reviewing the history of former translations and the reasons which led to the present work, which he said consisted of a seven-fold revision, the object being to blend the old work and the new, so that the venerable aspect of the Authorised Version might never be lost, nor its proportions sacrificed to the rigidity of mere pedantic accuracy. The Bishop of London expressed a hope that the issue of the Revised Version of the New Testament would not be misunderstood. At present it was only before the Church for its consideration, and after the lapse of some years it might by some authority be scarcely known what, he recognised as the Authorised Version; but in the mean time it would be a great misfortune if any clergyman used any portions of it as the Authorised Version. On Wednesday the matter was again reverted to in Convocation, the Archbishop of Canterbury saying that the statement that he had presented a copy of the volume to the Queen was quite incorrect; the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol explaining that it was he who had had the honour of presenting a copy to Her Majesty—only, however, in his official capacity as chairman of the New Testament Company.

THE COMMISSION ON ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS was formally announced in Tuesday's *Gazette*, the list being the same as we gave last week. The Commission is granted full powers of calling witnesses and examining records, and seven is named as a quorum. The Secretary is Mr. A. B. Kemp, barrister-at-law.

THE MAY MEETINGS.—To those gatherings which we have already noticed we have now to add those of the Religious Tract Society (at which a copy of the Revised New Testament was presented to the Lord Mayor), the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Open-air Mission; the Church of England Scripture Readers' Society; the Freedmen's Mission A&P Society; the Royal Naval Scripture Readers' Society; the Primitive Methodists' Missionary Society; the Lord's Day Rest Association; the Aborigines' Protection Society; and Mr. Spurgeon's Colportage Association.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIRS of the Metropolis held their annual *réfête* at the Crystal Palace on Monday, the great features of the day being a procession of the whole of the children, and a concert of sacred and secular music by the members of the choirs, numbering 5,500 voices.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND.—On Sunday last appeals were made in all the churches of the metropolis on behalf of this fund.

A LADY CHURCHWARDEN has been appointed in the parish of Beeston, Hull, Yorkshire, of which Canon Trevor is Rector.

"SECULARISM" is the subject of an elaborate paper which the Archbishop of York intends to read at the coming Church Congress.

MAY 21, 1881



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Lohengrin*, for reasons not far to seek, most generally popular of the four operas by Wagner known to the English public, was given on Monday night for the first time this season. With an Elsa de Brabant so gentle, intelligent, and graceful, while at the same time so impassioned where the dramatic situation requires it, as Madame Albani, a revival of *Lohengrin* can never be unwelcome, independently of the splendour of its scenic surroundings as presented at Mr. Gye's theatre. Madame Albani, who has studied the character both artistically and with deeply-felt sympathy, always seems to return to it as to welcome task. What has been written on former occasions might be repeated now with strengthened conviction; but happily no more remains to be said of a creation, about which there has existed but one opinion. With regard to Herr Labatt, who represented the Knight of the Swan, we hardly feel justified in offering anything like a decided opinion until further opportunity enables us to frame one. That the new tenor possesses qualities of voice and style to be commended without reserve is unquestionable. He has also an imposing appearance, and thoroughly comprehends the "objective" significance of the character—apart from which, except that he was favourably received, there is nothing to add at present. Although Ortrud is somewhat beyond the scope of Mdlle. Mantilla's resources, she entered with spirit into the part, and, aided by so efficient a Telramund as Signor Cotogni, the long duet of the second act was fairly well got through. A new French singer, M. Dauphin, with a voice of considerable power, declaimed the recitations of the Herald with fitting emphasis. M. Dupont was conductor. At the last performance of the *Huguenots* Mdlle. Elly Warnot replaced Madame Sembrich as Marguerite de Valois; but of this lady, who, though much esteemed abroad, is a stranger here, and of Madame Sembrich's first appearance as Dinorah (Thursday) we must defer speaking.—Meanwhile expectation is rife about the forthcoming *Demons* of Herr Anton Rubinstein. Madame Adelina Patti's *entrée* is announced for Tuesday evening next, the opera for the occasion being *Semiramide*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Mapleson's new soprano, Mdlle. Adalgisa Gabbi, has more than ordinary pretensions. The part selected for her *début* is one that demands more than ordinary talent and gifts, for *Aida*, we need hardly say, is not for every aspirant. Mdlle. Gabbi, however, is more than an aspirant, having honourably earned her laurels abroad. Although evidently nervous, she was self-contained enough to persuade the audience that she possesses a soprano voice, if by no means powerful, of agreeable quality, and before all, sympathetic—a voice that, when she is sufficiently mistress of her means, will doubtless enable her to turn doubt into certainty. To judge by her accentuation and natural method of phrasing, she should be more or less of a musician. When Mdlle. Gabbi sang in under-tones she at once pleased all hearers. As an actress she exhibited undeniable intelligence; but, without the addition of a word, enough has been said to show that much more may be expected from Mdlle. Gabbi than was revealed on the present occasion. The house gave her an indulgent reception, and clearly took an interest in her performance. The other leading characters were assigned to Mdlle. Tremelli, a forcible but somewhat over-acted Amneris; Signor Galassi, one of the best of Anonaras; and Signor Runcio, a somewhat indifferent Radames. Signor Arditi conducted with his well-known ability, and the orchestra was good throughout. The return of Madame Ilma di Murska gave the audience an opportunity of giving a hearty greeting to an old and well-deserving favourite. Dinorah was always one of this lady's best parts, and, indeed, she had, by assiduous study, made herself thoroughly mistress of the music which Meyerbeer has put into the lips of his half-demented heroine. Her dramatic embodiment of the character, original and fantastic, was no less remarkable. Of course, Mdlle. di Murska is not altogether what she used to be, but enough remains entitling her still to come before the public with the legitimate pretensions of a thorough artist. There are few, even now, who can execute the "Shadow Song" so brilliantly as she did the other night, when the genuine applause that ensued recalled some years gone by, before Mdlle. di Murska travelled to the Antipodes. About the other characters, sustained by Mdlle. Tremelli, Signors Runcio and Galassi, there is nothing particular to say. It may be added, however, that the performance was generally efficient.

CONCERTS.—The concert-world has been very busy since our last, and we are again reduced to a brief survey of leading incidents. The second "Richter Concert" was as much to the satisfaction of a large audience as the first, though the programme was hardly so interesting. Like its precursor, it comprised four pieces. The "Academic Festival Overture" of Brahms, the "Mephisto Walzer" of Liszt, and Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" made up the first part, Schumann's Symphony in C exclusively absorbing the second. With the Breslau overture and the symphony Herr Richter took infinite pains, as though desirous of convincing amateurs that he had nothing to do with the rooted antipathies and fiery polemics of his idol, Wagner. The themes of the German students' *Lieder*, so ingeniously treated by Brahms, all stood out with admirable clearness, the familiar "Gaudemus igitur" being a truly exultant climax. Liszt's rhapsody, as strange, but not half so coherent, as the episode from Lenau's *Faust* which inspired it, could not have been played with more effect, while the "Idyll," composed by Wagner at Triebischen (Lucerne) as a morning serenade for Madame Wagner, who had but recently given him a son (Siegfried), was little short of perfection. In Schumann's symphony some points were missed to which Mr. Manns has accustomed us at the Crystal Palace; but compensation was found in others. It was, indeed, a striking interpretation on the whole, and Herr Richter fully merited the genuine applause lavished upon him. For the third concert we are promised, among other good things, Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Scandinavian Symphony."—At his second "Orchestral Concert" Mr. Ganz repeated the "Fantastic Symphony" (*Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*) of Berlioz, the performance of which, under his direction, was infinitely better than on the previous occasion. The audience appeared not only to understand but to like it better. In works so replete with difficulty as these so-called "synphonies" of the deceased French musician the strictest attention to detail, the closest observance of light and shade, and emphasis of accent, are indispensable; and it must be admitted that by their scrupulous attention to these matters, no less than by their zeal, the members of Mr. Ganz's excellent orchestra did their chief real service. The other instrumental pieces were the overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Tannhäuser* (both of which, the last in particular, might fairly be allowed a brief interval of repose), and Beethoven's Fifth Pianoforte Concerto (E flat), performed, as but recently, at the Crystal Palace, by Mr. Franz Rummel, who was much applauded. The vocalist, Miss Carlotta Elliott, gave the *aria*, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri" from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, besides *Lieder* from Eckert and Rubinstein, more than acceptably. On the next occasion Mr. Ganz promises an ample selection from the *Romeo et Juliette* of the now irrepressible Berlioz.—At the fifth Philharmonic Concert, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins, the programme was more than usually varied. With variety, however, attraction being combined,

no one complained. Moreover, there was an interesting novelty to discuss, in the shape of a "Sinfonietta" (so styled) composed for the Society by Mr. F. H. Cowen, who himself, with the approval of Mr. Cusins, took the baton. The form of this "Sinfonietta" resembles, with a difference, that of what is recognised as a "concertino," the difference being that the last movement, allowing for the *coda*, is substantially the first over again. Nevertheless, within the narrow limits prescribed, our young English musician has found occasion for exhibiting bright fancy and clever workmanship. The ideas, besides being fresh and tuneful, lend themselves easily to all-but elaborate treatment; and of this Mr. Cowen has taken due advantage, showing by ingenious touches his familiarity with the *technique* of his art, and never travelling beyond the boundaries imposed by himself. The "Sinfonietta," in a word, is charming, and the orchestration as delicate as the ideas it has to clothe in "colour-sound." Another feature at this concert was the brilliant performance of Chopin's F minor Concerto by Mdlle. Vera Timanoff, the Russian pianist who made so lively an impression last autumn at Messrs. Gatti's Covent Garden Concerts and elsewhere, an impression now fully confirmed by the unanimous testimony of a Philharmonic audience. That skilful violinist, M. Ovide Musin, was deservedly applauded in Mendelssohn's unique concerto, which he gave from beginning to end with unflagging spirit. The vocal music was of the best, the singers being Mesdames Sembrich and Trebelli, both from the Royal Italian Opera. Madame Sembrich created quite a sensation in the *aria*, "Che pur aspro al cuore," from Mozart's *Il Seraglio*, and in *Lieder* by Mendelssohn and Förster, after which she was thrice called back, Madame Trebelli giving "Che farò senza Euridice" (Glück) and Gounod's "Quand tu chantes," both in her happiest manner. The grand orchestral pieces were the Eighth Symphony (F) of Beethoven, the overture to *Oberon* which began, and that to *Die Zauberflöte* which brought to an end a concert that might have proved equally acceptable *minus* a concerto and a song or two. Mr. Cusins conducted with ability.—Mr. Charles Hallé, at his second Recital, added four of Beethoven's sonatas, with three preludes and as many fugues by Bach, to those already spoken of. Yesterday afternoon he was to add as many more of each. His clear and masterly execution of Bach's music finds numerous warm admirers, and no wonder.

WAIFS.—Her Paris engagement having come to an end, Madame Adelina Patti has been taking some repose in Wales previous to fulfilling her duties at the Royal Italian Opera.—Madame Christine Nilsson is still in London; but whether she will sing at Her Majesty's Theatre, as was expected, does not seem at present quite clear.—That the first series of the *King des Nibelungen* performances in Berlin has been both an artistic success for Wagner and a financial success for Herr Neumann, the projector, is generally admitted by the German press. The execution of the music meets with unanimous praise; but the stage accessories are as unanimously found fault with. Whether the remaining three "cycles" will turn out as profitable as the first remains to be proved.—The first performance in London, under Mr. J. F. Barnett's direction, of his cantata, *The Building of the Sht*, produced at the Leeds Festival, will take place at St. James's Hall on the evening of May 25th.



THE TURF.—The greater part of the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket this week has been attended with weather almost as uncongenial as was the First—a fact which had undoubtedly somewhat to do with the paucity of attendance on the Heath. But in addition to this the sport was tame, hardly an event of real interest being on any of the cards. Indeed, if it be not heresy to say so, this meeting at headquarters might be eliminated from the programme of the Turf season without occasioning much regret. On the opening day the backers of favourites had a sorry time of it, the odds on Convert for the Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes being upset by Incognita, and those on Belle Lurette by Broseley, while the favourite for the Spring Handicap, Commandant, was beaten by Elf King, and Khabara by Nankin in the Visitors' Plate. The Lady Rosebery filly, too, was made first favourite for the Breeders' Plate, but was nowhere, the race being won by Purple and Scarlet. The Payne Stakes, on the second day, created some little interest, as several horses, once more or less fancied for the Derby, were in the field of twelve. Tunis and Scobell were made the chief favourites, but the former broke down, and the latter could only get fourth. The winner turned up in Monarch, the Auchinleck colt running second, and Tristan third. This puts the latter and Scobell out of court for the Derby, for which Peregrine is very firm, at something less than 2 to 1. Geologist and Sir Charles continue next in demand, and after them the American horse, Iroquois, who now seems more fancied than his stable companion, Barrett.—The acceptances for the Manchester Cup, to which no less than 2,000 sows, are added, is, comparatively speaking, a poor one, as out of 138 subscribers no less than 97 pay the three-guinea forfeit. Fernandez stands at the top of the poll with 9 st., and Peter next with 8 st. 13 lb. The latter has passed into Sir John Astley's hands, and will probably be much fancied. Ambassadress, however, the City and Suburban failure, at present reigns as first favourite.

CRICKET.—Notwithstanding the unsavourable state of the weather, cricket has now commenced in earnest, and Derbyshire has been the first to tackle the M.C.C., the result being that the county was beaten by an innings and 83 runs. The bowling of Shaw and Morley for the M.C.C. showed no falling-off from their high standard of last year, while Mycroft for Derbyshire was quite up to the mark. The big scorers were A. N. Hornby, 89, for the M.C.C., and R. P. Smith for Derbyshire, 66.—Sussex has also tried conclusions with the great London club, but had to put up with a defeat by seven wickets. For the M.C.C., A. N. Hornby marked 68, and R. T. Ellis for Sussex the same number.—The Surrey Club is evidently intent on giving its young hands every chance of making a name for themselves, and it was certainly a good idea Eleven young Amateurs (with Potter and Johnson), against Thirteen young Professionals (with Jupp) at the Oval on Monday last. The result was in favour of the Amateurs by 78 runs. Hill for the Amateurs made a score of 37, and Earnshaw 31; while for the Professionals F. Henderson, a lad of sixteen, showed some good batting, and Abel took 10 wickets for 54 runs.—At Oxford the Freshmen's match ended in a draw in favour of Mr. Kemp's side, for which Hine Haycock made 45 and 26, and Mr. C. Kemp (the Captain) 14 and 21.—In the University v. the M.C.C. (not concluded at time of writing), the last-named gentleman made 37 in his first innings, and showed capital form at the wickets, thus doubtless securing a permanent place in the Dark Blue Eleven.

AQUATICS.—At a meeting of the Stewards and Committee of the Henley Regatta it was unanimously resolved "That crews competing for the Public Schools' Challenge Cup be restricted to the use of fixed seats in their boats," an excellent decision, as many promising young oars are spoilt by trying to slide before they have thoroughly mastered the old plan.—It is said that the English cricketers who contemplate a visit to Australia are endeavouring to make arrangements to take Hanlan with them.

SWIMMING.—Captain Webb has beaten George Fearn in a six days' (twelve hours a day) swim at the Lambeth Baths by two miles. The performances of both men were very good, Webb doing some yards over eighty-three miles, and Fearn over eighty-one.—The discussion as to the definition of an "amateur" swimmer still continues. Perhaps a more sensible one could hardly be devised than that recently adopted by the Portsmouth Swimming Club. It is as follows: "An amateur is one who has never taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of swimming or any other athletic exercise, as a means of pecuniary gain, and who has never competed for a money prize."

GOLF.—The competition for the Bombay Challenge Cup between the members of the London and Scottish Club took place on Thursday over the Wimbledon Links. Twenty-eight couples started, and at the finish of the play Mr. W. A. Leigh was proclaimed the winner with a score of 103, reduced by handicap allowance to 80. Mr. C. E. McLaren was second, 99, 9, 81, and Colonel Kinnaird, 85, 3, 82, third. The greens, owing to the east winds experienced lately, were very dry, making the putting difficult.

BILLIARDS.—The celebrated American player, Shaefer, has challenged the French champion, Vignaux, to play a match of 4,000 points, to be played in sections of 800 points each. He wishes the contest to take place in December next, and would like the meeting to be either in London or New York.

A NOVEL EXHIBITION of "Sporting Appliances" will be held at the Alexandra Palace from August the 25th to September the 10th. It will include all sporting appliances, and apparatus connected with all English sports and pastimes.

BRONZE STAR FOR GENERAL ROBERTS' MARCH TO CANDAHAR

THIS decoration is to be awarded, in addition to the ordinary Afghan War Medal, to General Roberts and his little army of barely 10,000 men, who last August made the now historical march from Kabul to Candahar—accomplishing the distance of 318 miles in twenty-three days. Only the troops who made the actual march will



receive it, the claim to it of General Phayre and his division, who at the same time advanced upon Candahar from Quetta, being rejected. As may be seen in the accompanying illustration, the star is much of the shape of that issued for the Gwalior campaign of 1843—having five rays, and the statement of the service for which it has been awarded inscribed in the centre. The star is made from the metal of the guns captured at Kabul, a little copper being added to make it run more smoothly.



MR. BRADLAUGH is determined to keep himself well before the public. For nearly two whole days this week he has occupied the attention of two judges in the Queen's Bench Division on a new point, or objection of a peculiarly technical nature, contending that the writ obtained against him by Mr. Clarke should be held to date from the first minute of the day on which it was issued; and that it was for the plaintiff to show that the cause of the action came before, instead of after it was granted. It was ultimately arranged that the statement of claim should be amended, and that Mr. Bradlaugh should have a week to "traverse" and "demur," which of course portends further disputation in Court.

A JEWEL ROBBERY committed last autumn at Ampthill Park, Bedfordshire, the seat of Mr. W. Lowther, M.P., has just been cleared up by the police, who, guided by the confession of one of the thieves (who was in custody on another charge), have arrested, on a charge of "receiving," a man named Hewson, formerly a butler in Mr. Lowther's service, but now the proprietor of two private hotels at South Kensington. He is now under remand.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—An unfaithful swain, who endeavoured to persuade a jury in the Queen's Bench Division that the chief reason why he ceased to love the lady was that she drank nine glasses of liquor in one day while on a trip to Epping Forest, has been amerced in damages to the tune of 500/., the jury adding that the plaintiff left the Court without a stain on her character, as the allegations against her were totally unfounded.

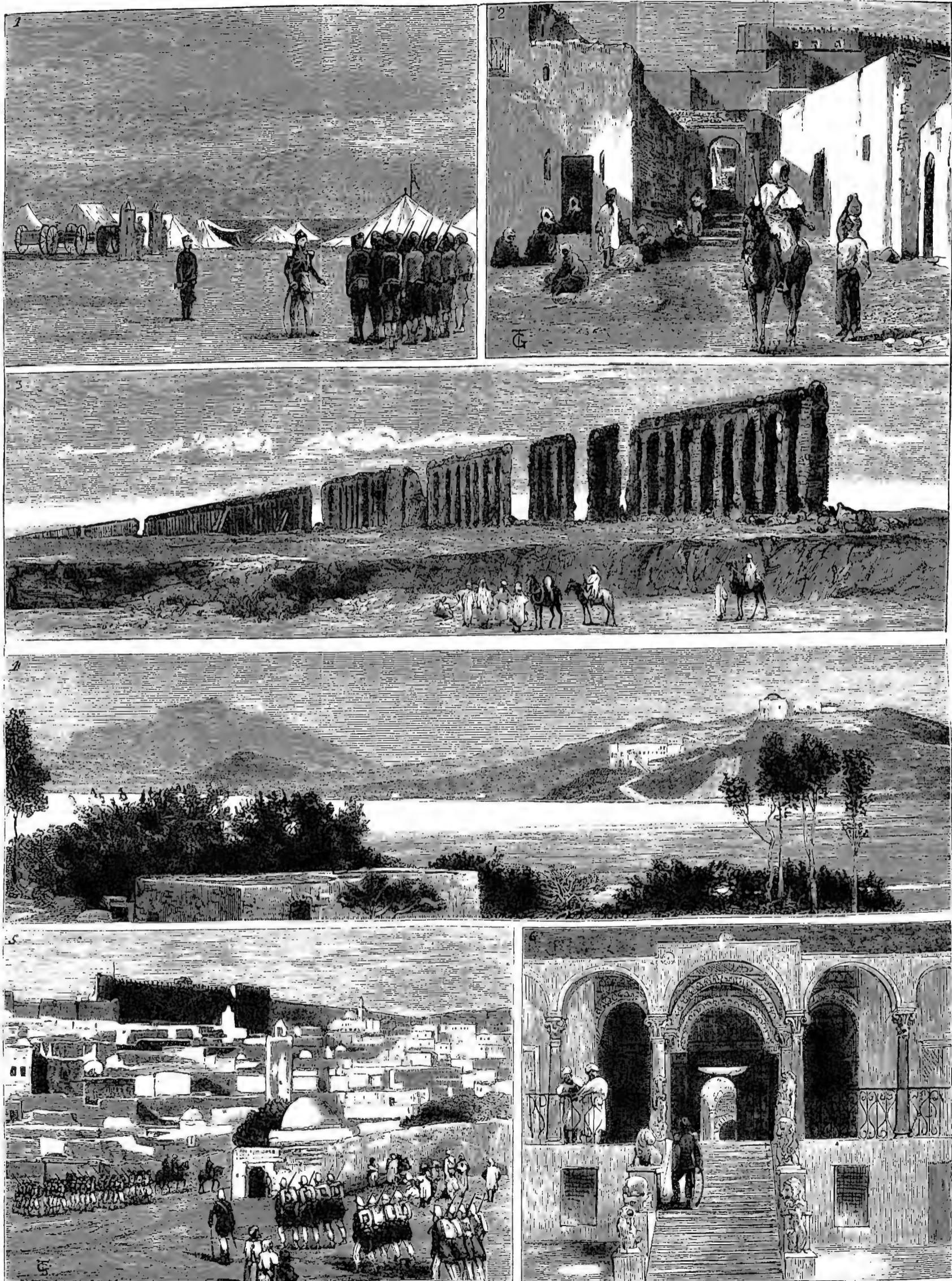
DR. D. S. DOWNES, the police surgeon, has given up the child claimed by his late servant, Mary Ann Atkins, and she has consequently withdrawn the summons against him for felonious detention. The Magistrate, in consenting to this course, remarked that the whole story might now be set aside as belonging to that class of cases which illustrate the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. It was incidentally stated that the girl's action against Dr. Downes for false imprisonment was still pending.

ROBERT TODMAN, the police inspector who, some time ago, absconded with 150/., has been committed for trial on the double charge of stealing the money and leaving the force without giving the necessary notice. It was stated that he had been eighteen years in the force and had never been reported, and there seems to be some ground for supposing that his mind is affected.

THE EARL OF LONSDALE has commenced a criminal prosecution against Mr. R. L. Bruges, a Wiltshire magistrate, for an alleged false, scandalous, and defamatory libel concerning the Countess of Lonsdale contained in a letter addressed to his lordship which he found awaiting him at the Turf Club when he returned to England a few weeks ago. Mr. Bruges was brought up at Marlborough Street Police Court on Monday, and remanded.

A COOL BURGLAR.—On Sunday evening last, Mrs. Dudley Baxter, of Oakhill Park, Hampstead, while the rest of the family were at church, had an unwelcome visitor in the person of a man

(Continued on page 510)



1. Camp of Si Aly Bey.—2. Governor's House at Kef.—3. Ruins of Ancient Aqueduct near Tunis.—4. Forts of Tunis.—5. General View of Kef (Occupied April 26).—6. Court of the Bardo Palace.



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

Master Will was quite at home, from his village experience, with this pastime.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW WILL WOULD NOT BE CROSSED

I KNOW not what Will proposed to himself when his father at first admonished him; perhaps one knows not, he even tried to set before himself the reasonableness of his father's rebuke; perhaps, as the sequel seems to show, he kept silence, resolving to have his own way somehow.

However that might be, Will ceased to molest me for the time, and I was even in hopes that he had seen the hopelessness of his desires. Our days went on without any other visits from him, and he did not seek me out upon the Terrace or in the Assembly Rooms.

Poor Nancy's predictions were, however, entirely fulfilled. For Will could not, by any persuasion of hers, be induced at first to abstain from showing himself in public. To be sure, he did not "run an Indian muck" among the dancers, but he became the terror of the whole company for a rough boorishness which was certainly unknown before in any polite assembly. He did not try to be even decently polite; he was boorish, not like a boor, but like a Czar of Russia, with a proud sense of his own position; he behaved as if he were, at Epsom Wells, the young squire among the villagers who looked up to him as their hero and natural king. If he walked upon the Terrace he pushed and elbowed the men, he jostled the ladies, he stepped upon trains, pushed aside dangling canes, and deranged wigs, as if nobody was to be considered when he was

present. Sometimes he went into the card-room and took a hand; then, if he was tempted to give his antagonist the lie direct, he gave it; or if he lost, he said rude things about honesty; and he was so strong, and carried so big a cudgel, that for a time nobody dared to check him. Because, you see, by Nash's orders, the gentlemen wore no swords. Now, although it is possible to challenge a man and run him through, what are you to do with one who perhaps would refuse a challenge, yet would, on provocation, being horribly strong, cudgel his adversary on the spot? Of course, this kind of thing could not last; it went on just as long as the forbearance of the gentlemen allowed, and then was brought to an end. As for Will, during the first few days he had not the least consideration for any one; all was to give way to his caprice.

I have already remarked upon the very singular love which young men of all ranks seem to have for chucking under the chin young women of the lower classes. It was very well known at Epsom Wells that many gentlemen rose early in the morning in order to enjoy this pastime upon the chins of the higgleries who brought the fruit, eggs, fowls, and vegetables from the farmhouses. From six to nine chin-chucking, not actually upon the Parade and the Terrace, but close by, among the trees, on the steps of houses, beside the pond, was an amusement in full flow. Many of the higgleries were comely red-cheeked damsels who thought it fine thus to be noticed by the quality, and I suppose no harm came of it all, save a little pampering of the conceit and vanity of young girls, so that they

might dream of gentlemen instead of yeomen, and aspire beyond their rank instead of remembering the words of the Catechism to "learn and labour to do their duty in their own station of life." To attract the attention of a dozen young fellows: to have them following one about, even though one carried a basket full of eggs for sale: to listen to their compliments: to endure that chin-chucking—I suppose these things were to the taste of the girls, because, as Cicely told me, there was great competition among them who should carry the basket to the Wells. Now Master Will was quite at home, from his village experience, with this pastime, and speedily fell in with it, to the annoyance and discomfiture of the London beaux and fribbles. For, still acting upon the principle that Epsom was his own parish, the village where he was Sultan, Great Bashaw, Hey-duck, or Grand Seigneur, he at once took upon himself the right of paying these attentions to any or all of the damsels, without reference to previous preferences. This, which exasperated the fair higgleries, drove the beaux nearly mad. Yet, because he was so strong and his cudgel was so thick, none durst interfere.

I have since thought, in reflecting over poor Will's history, that there are very few positions in life more dangerous to a young man than that of the only son of a country squire to have no tastes for learning and polite society, and to live constantly on the estate. For among the rough farmers and labourers there can be no opposition or public feeling upon the conduct, however foolish and ungoverned, of such a young man; the rustics and clowns are his

very humble servants, nay, almost his slaves ; they tremble at his frown ; if he lifts his stick they expect a cudgelling ; as for the women and girls of the village, the poor things are simply honoured by a nod and a word ; the estate will be his, the fields will be his, the cottages his ; the hares, rabbits, partridges, pheasants will be his ; even the very men and women will be his, nay, are his already. Wherever he goes he is saluted ; even in the church, the people rise to do him reverence ; hats are doffed and reverence paid if he walks the fields, or rides upon the roads ; every day, supposing he is so unhappy as to remain always upon his own estate, he is made to feel his greatness until he comes to believe, like King Louis XV. himself, that there is no one in the world but must bow to his order, nothing that he desires but he must have. And, speaking with the respect due to my benefactors, I think that Sir Robert, a man himself of singular good feeling and high breeding, was greatly to blame in not sending his son to travel, or in some way to make him mix with his equals and superiors. For such a character as Will's is formed insensibly. A man does not become selfish and boorish all at once. Therefore, his parents did not notice, until it was forced upon them, what all the world deplored—the self-will and boorishness of their only son. To the last I think that Lady Levett looked upon him as a young man of excellent heart, though stubborn.

"You shall marry me," he had said. Therefore it was war to the death, because, as you all know, I could not possibly marry him.

It was no secret at Epsom that this young autocrat had said those words ; in fact, he used them in public, insulting Harry Temple upon the very Terrace, before all the Company.

"I warn you," he said, "keep away from Kitty. She's going to be my wife. I've told her so. Therefore, hands off."

"Why, Will," Harry replied good-naturedly, "what if she refuses?"

"She shan't refuse. I've said she shall marry me, and she shall," he replied. "Refuse? It's only her whimsical tricks. All fillies are alike. Hands off, Master Harry."

"Why," cried Peggy Baker, "what a pretty, gentle speech, to be sure! Oh, Mr. Levett, happy is the woman who will be your wife! Such kindness of disposition! such sweetness! such gallantry! such sensibility!"

"I know what you mean," said Will, swearing a big oath ; "and I don't value your words nor your opinion—no—not a brass farthing, no more than I value your powder, and your paint, and your patches. You're all alike; blacksmith's Sue is worth a hundred of ye."

Peggy burst out laughing, and Will strode away. He did not like to be laughed at, yet could not help being intolerably rude.

When I found that Will, although he made himself the laughing-stock—and the terror—of the place, ceased to molest me, I was more easy in my mind ; certainly it would not have been pleasant to walk on the Terrace, or even to go to the Assembly, if one had feared to meet this rough and bearish inamorato, who might have insulted one, or a gentleman with one, in the most intolerable manner. However, the evening was generally a safe time, because then he loved to sit in a tavern playing all-fours over a pipe and a tankard with any country parson, or even any town tradesman, who would share his beer and be complaisant with his moods.

This was worse than the case of Harry Temple, because, as I have said before, I could not hope, whatever I did, to bring him to reason. Sometimes I thought, but wildly, of Dr. Powlett's establishment. Suppose that the whole force of the house had succeeded in putting him into chains and a strait-waistcoat, which was certainly doubtful—besides, so wicked a thing could not be done twice—what assurance had I of good behaviour on release? He would promise—Will was always ready to promise, having no more regard to truth than an ourang-outang ; but when he was free, with a cudgel in his hand, what would he not do?

I have said that he was prodigiously strong, besides being fierce and masterful of aspect. This made men give way to him ; also he got a reputation for being stronger than perhaps he really was. For when, as continually happened, booths were put on the Downs for wrestling, single-stick, quarter-staff, boxing, and other trials of skill and strength, Will would always go, sit out the whole games, and then challenge the victor, whom he always conquered, coming off the hero of the day. To be sure, it was whispered that the contest was generally arranged—by promise of half-a-crown—to be decided in favour of Will. It seems strange, but I suppose there are men who, for half-a-crown, will not only sell a fight—on which bets have been made—but also take a sound drubbing as well.

And if he had a dispute with a gentleman—it was impossible for him to exchange two words without causing a dispute—he would immediately propose to settle the affair with cudgels or fists. Now a gentleman should be ready to fight a street bully or a light porter in London with any weapons, if necessary ; but what sort of society would that be in which the gentlemen would take off coat and wig and engage with fists or clubs on the smallest quarrel?

He was so rude and overbearing that the company began to be positively afraid of going to the Terrace or the Assembly Rooms, and indeed I think he would have driven the whole of the visitors away in a body but for the timely interference of Lord Chudleigh and Sir Miles Lackington. It was the day after his open insult to Harry Temple, who could not call out the son of his former guardian and his old playfellow. Therefore these two resolved that there should be an end of this behaviour.

It was bruited abroad that some steps of a serious nature were to be taken ; there had been found a man, it was said, to bell the cat ; it was even whispered that a prize-fighter of stupendous strength, dexterity, and resolution had been brought down expressly from London in order to insult Will Levett, receive a challenge for single-stick, or fists, or quarter-staff, instantly accept it, and thereupon give the village bantam-cock so mighty a drubbing that he would not dare again to show his face among the company. Indeed, I think that was the best thing which could have been done, and I sincerely wish they had done it.

But Lord Chudleigh and Sir Miles would not treat a gentleman, even so great a cub and clown, with other than the treatment due to a gentleman. Therefore, they resolved upon an open and public expostulation and admonition. And, mindful of the big cudgel, they broke the laws of the Wells, and put on their swords before they came together to the Terrace, looking grave and stern, as becomes those who have duties of a disagreeable kind to perform. But to see the excitement of the company! They expected, I believe, nothing short of a battle between Lord Chudleigh and Sir Miles on the one hand, armed with swords, and Will on the other, grasping his trusty cudgel. The cudgel, in his hands, against any two combatants, would have been a mighty awkward weapon, but, fortunately, gentlemen of Will's kind entertain a healthy repugnance to cold steel.

It was about twelve o'clock in the forenoon when Will the Masterful, forcing his way, shoulders first, among the crowd, found himself brought up short by these two gentlemen. Round them were gathered a circle of bystanders, which increased rapidly till it was twenty or thirty deep.

"Now then," he cried, "what is the meaning of this? Let's pass, will ye, lord or no lord?"

As Lord Chudleigh made no reply, Will, growling that a freeborn Englishman was as good as a lord or a baronet in the public way, tried to pass through them. Then he was seized by the coat-collar by Sir Miles, whose arm was as strong as his own.

"Hark ye," said the baronet. "We want a few words with you, young cub!"

Will lifted his head in amazement. Here was a man quite as strong as himself who dared to address him as a cub.

"We find that you go about the Wells," continued the baronet, "which is a place of entertainment for ladies and gentlemen, insulting, pushing, and behaving with no more courtesy than if you were in your own stable-yard. Now, sirrah, were it not for the respect we have for your father we should make short work of you."

"Make short work of ME!" cried Will, red in the face, and brandishing his cudgel. "Make short work of ME!"

"Certainly. Do not think we shall fight you with sticks ; and if you make the least gesture with that club of yours, I shall have the pleasure of running you through with my sword." Contrary to the rules of the Wells, both gentlemen, as I have said, wore their swords on this occasion, and here Sir Miles touched his sword-hilt. "And now, sir, take a word of advice. Try to behave like a gentleman, or, upon my word of honour, you shall be driven out of the Wells with a horsewhip by the hands of the common grooms of the place, your proper companions."

Will swore prodigiously, but he refrained from using his cudgel. Indeed, the prospect of cold steel mightily cooled his courage.

"And a word from me, sir," said Lord Chudleigh, speaking low. "You have dared to make public use of a certain young lady's name. I assure you, upon the honour of a peer, that if you presume to repeat this offence, or if you in any way assert a claim to that lady's favour, I will make you meet me as one gentleman should meet another."

Will looked from one to the other. Both men showed that they meant what they promised. Sir Miles, with a careless smile, had in his eye a look of determination. Lord Chudleigh, with grave face and set lips, seemed a man quite certain to carry out his promise. Will had nothing to say : he was like one dumbfounded ; therefore, he swore. This is the common refuge of many men for all kinds of difficulties, doubts, and dangers. Some rogues go swearing to the gallows. Men call them insensible and callous, whereas I believe that these wretches are simply incapable of expressing emotion in any other way. Swearing, with them, stands for every emotion. The divine gift of speech, by which it was designed that men should express their thoughts, and so continually lead upwards their fellow-creatures, becomes in their case a vehicle for profane ejaculation, so that they are little better than the monkeys on the branches.

Will, therefore, swore vehemently. This made no impression upon his assailants. He therefore swore again. He then asked what sort of treatment this was for a gentleman to receive. Sir Miles reminded him that he had offended against the good manners expected of gentlemen at a watering-place, and that he could no longer fairly be treated as belonging to the polite class.

"Indeed," he explained, "we have gravely considered the matter, my lord and myself, and have come to the conclusion that although, for the sake of your most worthy father, we were ready to admonish as a gentleman (though in this open and public manner, as the offence required), yet we cannot consider your case to be deserving of any better treatment than that of a common, unruly porter, carter, or labouring man, who must be brought to his senses by reason of blows, cuffs, and kicks. Know, then, that although this Terrace is open to all who comport themselves with civility, decency, and consideration for others, it is no place for brawlers, strikers, and disturbers of the peace. Wherefore, four stout men, or if that is not enough, six, will be told off to drive you from the Terrace whenever you appear again upon it armed with that great stick, or upon the least offer to fight any gentleman of the company. I believe, sir, that you are no fool, and that you perfectly understand what we mean, and that we do mean it. Wherefore, be advised in time, and, if you do not retreat altogether from the Wells, be persuaded to study the customs of polite society."

This was a long speech for Sir Miles, but it was delivered with an authority and dignity which made me regret that such good abilities should have been thrown away at the gaming-table.

Will swore again at this. Then, observing that many of the bystanders were laughing, he brandished his cudgel, and talked of knocking out brains, breaking of necks, and so forth, until he was again reminded by Sir Miles, who significantly tapped the hilt of his sword, that Signor Stick was not to be allowed to reign at the Wells. Then he hung his head and swore again.

"It will be best, sir," said Lord Chudleigh, "that you come no more to the Terrace or the Assembly Rooms, with or without your cudgel. The Downs are wide and open ; there you will doubtless find room for walking, and an audience in the birds for these profane oaths, to which our ladies are by no means accustomed."

"Let me go, then," he said sulkily. "Od rot it—get out of my way, some of you!"

He walked straight down the Terrace, the people making way for him on either hand, with furious looks and angry gestures. He went straight to his stable, where he thrashed a groom for some imaginary offence. Thence he went to the King's Head, where he called for a tankard and offered to fight the best man in the company or for ten miles round, for fifty pounds a side, with quarter-staff, single-stick, or fists. Then he drank more beer ; sat down and called for a pipe ; smoked tobacco all the afternoon ; and got drunk early in the evening.

But he came no more to the Terrace.

"And now," said Peggy Baker, "I hope that we shall see Miss Nancy back again. Doubtless, my lord, the return of that lady, and the more frequent appearance of Miss Pleydell with her, will bring your lordship oftener from Durdans."

I have already mentioned our poets at Epsom, and their biting epigrams. Here is another, which was sent to me at this time :—

Kitty, a nymph who fain would climb,
But yet may tumble down,
Her charms she tries with voice and eyes
First on a rustic clown.
But humpkin squine won't serve her turn
When gentle Harry woos her,
So farewell, Will, for Kitty still
Will laugh, although you lose her.
Yet higher still than Hal or Will
Her thoughts, ambitious, soar'd:
"Go, Will and Hal: my promise shall
Be transferred to my Lord."

I suppose the verses were written at the request of Peggy Baker ; but after all they did me very little harm, and, indeed, nothing could do me any more good or harm at Epsom any more, because my visit was brought to a sudden close by an event which, as will be seen, might have been most disastrous for us all.

The selfishness and boorish behaviour of Will Levett not only kept us from walking on the Terrace in the afternoon, but also kept poor Nancy at home altogether. She would either come to our lodgings and sit with me lamenting over her humpkin brother, or she would sit at home when Sir Robert was testy and her ladyship querulous, throwing the blame of her son's rudeness sometimes upon her husband, who, she said, had never whipped the boy as he ought to have been whipped, in accordance with express Scripture orders strictly laid down ; or upon Nancy, whose pert tongue and saucy ways had driven him from the Hall to the kennel ; or upon myself, who was so ungrateful, after all that had been done for me, as to refuse her son, in spite of all his protestations of affection. It was hard upon poor Nancy, the ordinary butt and victim of her brother's ill-temper, that she should be taunted with being the cause of it ; and one could not but think that had Madam been more severe with her son at the beginning, things might have gone better. When a mother allows her son from the very beginning to have all his own way, it is weak in the father to suffer it : but she must not then turn round when the mischief is done, and reproach her daughter, who took no part in the first mischief, with being the cause of it ; nor should she

call a girl ungrateful for refusing to marry a man whose vices are so prominent and conspicuous that they actually prevent his virtues from being discerned. Beneath that smock frock, so to speak, that village rusticity, behind that blunt speech and rough manner, there may have been the sound kind heart of a gentleman, but the girl could not take that for granted. The sequel proved indeed that she was right in refusing, even had she been free ; for Will died, as he lived, a profligate and a drunkard of the village kind. So that even his poor mother was at last fain to acknowledge that he was a bad and wicked man, and, but for some hope derived from his death-bed, would have gone in sorrow to her dying day.

"I must say, Kitty," said Lady Levett to me, "that I think a little kindness from you might work wonders with our Will. And he a boy of such a good heart!"

"He wants so much of me, madam," I replied. "With all respect, I cannot give him what he asks, because I cannot love him."

"He says, child, that you promised him."

"Indeed, madam, I did not. I was in sorrow and lamentation over my father's death and my departure from kind friends, when first Harry and then Will came, and one after the other said words of which I took no heed. Yet when I saw them again, they both declared that I was promised to them. Now, madam, could a girl promise to two men within half an hour?"

"I know not. Girls will do anything," said Lady Levett bitterly. "Yet it passes my understanding to know how the two boys could be so mistaken. And yet you will take neither. What! would nothing serve you short of a coronet?"

I made no reply.

"Tell me then, girl, will Lord Chudleigh marry thee? It is a great condescension of him, and a great thing for a penniless young woman."

"He will marry me, madam," I replied, blushing, and thinking of what I had first to tell him.

She sighed.

"Well, I would he had cast his eyes on Nancy! Yet I say not, Kitty, that a coronet will be too heavy for thy head to wear. Some women are born to be great ladies. My Nancy must content herself with some simple gentleman. Go, my dear. I must try to persuade this headstrong boy to reason."

"Persuade him if you can, madam," I said, "to leave Epsom and go home. He will come to harm in this place. Two or three of the gentlemen have declared that they will follow the example of Lord Chudleigh and Sir Miles Lackington, and wear swords, although that is against the rules of the Wells, in order to punish him for his rudeness should he venture again to shake his cudgel in the faces of the visitors, which he has done already to their great discomfiture."

I know not if his mother tried to persuade him, but I do know that he did not leave Epsom, and that the evil thing which I had prophesied, not knowing how true my words might be, did actually fall upon him. This shows how careful one should be in foretelling disasters, even if they seem imminent. And indeed, having before one the experiences of maturity, it seems as if it would be well did a new order of prophets and prophetesses arise with a message of joy and comfort, instead of disaster and misery, such as the message which poor Cassandra had to deliver.

Now, when my lord had given poor Will the warning of which I have told, he retired ashamed and angry, but impenitent, to those obscure haunts where tobacco is continually offered as incense to the gods of rusticity. Here he continued to sit, smoked pipes, drank beer, and cudgelled stable-boys to his heart's content ; while we, being happily quit of him, came forth again without fear.

Nancy, however, assured me that something would happen before her brother, whose stubbornness and masterful disposition were well known to her, relinquished his pursuit and persecution of the woman on whom he had set his heart.

"My dear," she said, "I know Will, as you do, of old. Was there ever a single thing which he desired that he did not obtain? Why, when he was a child and cried for the moon they brought him a piece of green cheese, which they told him was cut from the moon on purpose for him to eat. Was he ever crossed in anything? Has there ever been a single occasion on which he gave up any enjoyment or desire out of consideration for another person? Rather, when he has gone among his equals has he not become an object of scorn and hatred? He made no friends at school, nor any at Cambridge, from which place of learning he was, as you know, disgracefully expelled : the gentlemen of the county will not associate with him except on the hunting-field—you know all this, Kitty. Think, then, since he has made up his mind to marry a girl ; since he has bragged about his condescension, as he considers it ; since he has promised his pot-companions to bring home a wife, how great must be his rage and disappointment. He will do something, Kitty. He is desperate."

What, however, could he do? He came not near our lodgings ; he made no sign of any evil intention ; but he did not go away.

"He is desperate," repeated Nancy. "He cares little about you, but he thinks of his own reputation. And, my dear, do not think because Will, poor boy, is a sot and a clown that he does not think of his reputation. His hobby is to be thought a man who can and will have his own way. He has openly bragged about the country, and even among his boozing companions at Epsom, that he will marry you. Therefore, oh! my dear, be careful. Go not forth alone, or without a gentleman or two, after dark. For I believe that Will would do anything, anything, for the sake of what he calls his honour. For, Kitty, to be laughed at would be the death-blow to his vanity. He knows that he is ignorant and boorish, but he conceals himself with the thought that he is strong."

What, I repeated, being uneasy more than a little, could he do?

At first I thought of asking Harry Temple quietly to watch over Will and bring me news if anything was in the wind ; but that would not do either, because one could not ask Harry to act the part of a spy. Next, I thought that I had only to ask for a bodyguard of the young men at the Wells to get a troop for my protection ; but what a presumption would this be! Finally, I spoke my fears to Sir Robert, begging him not to tell Madam what I had said.

"Courage, Kitty!" said Sir Robert Levett. "Will is a clown, for which we have to thank our own indulgence. Better had it been to break thousand good ash-saplings over his back, than to see him as he is. Well, the wise man says, 'The father of a fool hath no joy.' Yet Will is of gentle blood, and I cannot doubt that he will presently yield and go away patiently."

"Have you asked him, sir?"

"Child, I ask him daily, for his mother's sake and for Nancy's, to go away and leave us in peace. But I have no control over him. He doth but swear and call for more ale. His mother also daily visits him, and gets small comfort thereby. His heart is hard and against us all."

"Then, sir, if Mrs. Esther will consent, one cause of his discontent shall be removed, for we will go away to London, where he will not be able to find us."

"Yes, Kitty," he replied. "That will be best. Yet who would ever have thought I could wish our sweet tall Kitty to go away from us!"

The sweet tall Kitty could not but burst out crying at such tenderness from her old friend and protector.

"Forgive me, sir," I said, while he kissed me and patted my cheek as if I was a child again. "Forgive me, sir, that I cannot marry Will, as he would wish."

"Child!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet in a paroxysm of

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passion. "God forgive me for saying so, but I would rather see a girl I loved in her grave than married to my son!" We then held consultation, Lord Chudleigh being of the party; and it was resolved that we should return to London without delay and without acquainting any at the Wells with our intention, which was to be carried into effect as soon as we could get our things put together; in fact, in two days' time.

So secret were our preparations that we did not even tell Nancy, and were most careful to let no suspicion enter the head of Cicely Crump, a towncrier of the busiest and loudest, who was, besides, continually beset by the young gallants, seeking through her to convey letters, poems, and little gifts to me. Yet so faithful was the girl, as I afterwards found out, and so fond of me, that I might safely have trusted her with any secret.

(Soon after the events which I am now to relate, I took Cicely into my service as still-room maid. She remained with me for four years, being ever the same merry, faithful, and talkative wench. She then, by my advice, married the curate of the parish, to whom she made as good a wife as she had been a servant, and brought up eleven children, four of them being twins, in the fear of God and the love of duty.)

We were to depart on Friday, the evening being chosen so that Master Will should not be able to see us go. Lord Chudleigh and Sir Miles promised to ride with our coach all the way to London for protection. I have often remembered since that Friday is ever an unlucky day to begin upon. Had we made the day Thursday, for instance, we should have gotten safely away without the thing which happened.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

III.

THE fine artistic qualities that usually distinguish Mr. Hubert Herkomer's work, together with a greater command of emotional expression than he has before evinced, are to be seen in his large picture "Missing" (373), showing the relatives and friends of the crew of the *Atlanta* assembled outside Portsmouth Dockyard, eager to obtain tidings of the missing ship. The painful incident is realised with sympathetic power, and in an appropriately simple and unaffected manner. There is no exaggeration in the picture, no false sentiment or over-refinement. The gestures of the men, women, and children, as well as the expression in their faces, is thoroughly spontaneous and natural, and they are moreover true types of the class to which they belong. There is a slight tendency to monotony of colour, but, as regards composition and balance of light and shade, the picture leaves nothing to desire. The subject might, however, have been quite as effectively treated on a smaller scale. This remark applies with greater force to a picture by Mr. A. Stock called "At Last" (391). The simple domestic incident here depicted—the return of a soldier from foreign service to the cottage where his aged mother anxiously awaits him—might more appropriately have been realised on a canvas half the size. There is, however, much in the picture worthy of admiration; it displays executive ability of a high order, and the old lady is an excellent study of character. Mr. Frank Holl is seen to most advantage as a portrait painter, but his "Home Again" (401)—a sequel to the "Ordered to the Front" exhibited last year—besides being painted with masterly breadth, shows great dramatic power of realisation. The head of the foremost Highlander is, perhaps, rather vague in expression, but the other figures are full of character, and significant in their movements, especially the wounded soldier walking with a crutch.

In the department of portraiture Mr. Millais manifests his supremacy by several splendid examples. Not among these, however, can be included his latest work, the half-length of "The Earl of Beaconsfield," which occupies a screen in the third gallery. There seems to be much difference of opinion as to its fidelity as a likeness, but that in all technical qualities it falls short of the excellence of his other works is unquestionable. This result is probably mainly due to the unfortunate circumstances attending its production. The most striking of Mr. Millais' works, by reason of its strongly-marked individuality and the vivid impression of reality which it conveys, is the portrait of "Sir John Astley, Bart." (407), who is represented standing with a half-smoked cigar between his fingers. The head of "Captain James, Royal Scots Greys" (604), and the half-length of "The Bishop of Manchester" (1,336), are also full of vitality, and painted with masterly ease and unerring certainty of touch. The artist's highest achievement, however, seems to us the portrait of "Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart." (86). We have seen nothing by him, or, indeed, by any living painter, showing so subtle a perception of character, and at the same time so perfect in colour and keeping and so simple and dignified in treatment.

The portraits by Mr. Ouless and Mr. Holl, though they want the living colour that Mr. Millais only can infuse into his flesh, are full of individuality and most artistic in treatment. As regards strength of characterisation, realistic force of effect, and masterly handling, the half-length of "Sir Henry Rawlinson" (82), by the last-named painter, could not easily be surpassed. The violent colour of the red handkerchief on which the hand rests might, however, be modified with advantage. The portraits of "Matthew Arnold, Esq." (156), and "Sir Frederick Leighton" (484), by Mr. Watts, notwithstanding a certain infirmity of touch observable in many of his recent works, are excellent examples of serious manly portraiture. Better than either of them is the head of "C. A. Ionides" (278), which might easily be taken for the work of the Venetian painter, Moroni.

The only contribution of Mr. Orchardson is a portrait of "Mrs. Winchester Clowes" (142). The head is thinly painted, and in parts appears unfinished, but the picture is nevertheless charming from its exquisite harmony of colour and the air of cultivated grace which pervades it. Besides the picture already noticed, Mr. E. J. Poynter sends a full-length portrait of "The Earl of Wharncliffe" (196), treated in a simple manly style; and a head, painted with minute and elaborate care, of a very aged lady, "Mrs. Robert Bell" (335).

The first important landscape that we meet with is Mr. Cecil Lawson's, "The Pool" (19). We have seen many more ambitious pictures by this painter, but none so suggestive of nature, so subtle in tone, or so harmonious in general effect. A larger work, "Barden Moors, Yorkshire" (167), is less satisfactory. The sky is luminous, full of movement, and powerfully painted, but the landscape below is quite out of keeping with it. Mr. Lawson seems to have studied the permanent features of his subject under the influence of an entirely different atmospheric effect. In Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Milk for the Calves" (20) the impression of bright daylight is vividly conveyed, and the figures, human as well as animal, skilfully introduced. Mr. B. W. Leader has produced nothing so artistically complete as his large picture, "February Fill Dyke" (42), representing a wide expanse of flat country partially inundated with water. It is remarkable not less for its comprehensive truth of effect than for the fidelity with which the individual facts of nature are rendered. Mr. Peter Graham's "Mountain Road" (55) is by no means the best of the numerous works of the kind that he has exhibited. The Highland cattle are admirably drawn and painted, and the flickering gleam of sunlight on the hill side is true to nature, but the vegetation in the foreground is harsh and metallic in colour, and the shadows in the clouds opaque and impenetrable.

Close by this is a most dexterously executed picture by Mr. H. Woods, "At the Foot of the Rialto" (61), animated by numerous figures. A certain spottiness of effect detracts something from its value, but it is full of movement and vivacity, brilliant in colour, and true in local character. By a slightly different arrangement of some of the tints a broader and more simple effect might have been produced. A picture, marked by striking individuality of style and by realism of the most pronounced kind, is to be seen in Mr. W. Logsdail's "St. Anne's Almshouses, Antwerp" (25). In a picturesque courtyard several women are engaged in various domestic avocations. The quaint architectural features of the scene are painted with photographic accuracy, and the figures—most of them very unlovely specimens of humanity—are evidently portrayed with the most uncompromising fidelity. A little more warmth of colour would improve the picture; but the effect of light is forcible and true, and it is painted with great solidity.

An expansive landscape, "The Land of Streams" (85), by Mr. C. E. Johnson, which occupies a large space on the line in the second gallery, is entitled to the praise that belongs to careful and conscientious workmanship, but the treatment is somewhat conventional, and it fails to convey a vivid impression of nature. Mr. W. L. Wyllie's view of "Beckton Gasworks" (115) under the influence of a dull grey sky, is suggestive of space and full of delicate gradations of tone; and "La Pesceria, Venice" (138), by a comparatively unknown artist, Mr. W. H. Jobbins, is remarkable for its harmony of colour and local truth. There is nothing in the exhibition more convincingly true in aerial effect, or more artistic, than the upright picture of fishing-boats in a calm by the Dutch painter, H. W. Mesdag, "Day Breaking" (151). Though hung in a much worse place than it deserves, it forcibly attracts attention by its extremely luminous quality of colour and perfect balance of light and shade. Mr. Vicat Cole's river scenes, "Wargrave" (203), and "Streatley" (246), have the placid beauty usually to be seen in his pictures of this kind, but they present no feature of novelty.

The two pastoral pictures by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, "Noon" (263), and "Mother and Son" (137), are full of suffused light, and painted in his accustomed simple and unaffected style. The groups of cattle are admirably painted, and are in perfect harmony with the landscape. Human figures and landscape are very skilfully combined in Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "Outward Bound" (286). A peasant girl engaged with others in a hayfield has arrested her work to wave her hand to a young sailor seated on a stage coach rapidly passing on the road behind. The landscape is fresh in tone, and suggestive of air and space; the young girl is endowed with beauty of a robust kind, and there is grace as well as spontaneity in her movement. In his large picture, "Mountain Tops" (315), Mr. J. MacWhirter has approached perilously near the line that divides simplicity and breadth from scenic emptiness. It consists only of a few craggy peaks rising out of a sea of mist by daybreak. The artistic qualities of the work are not of a kind to justify its enormous size. Mr. G. H. Boughton sends a picture of "Scheveningen, Holland" (346), showing a wide expanse of sand enlivened by numerous figures. The sky and sea are very true in tone, and the figures, besides being distinctly characteristic, are animated in their gestures. Another picture by this artist represents "A Dead City of the Zuyder Zee: the Town of Hoorn, North Holland." All the varied features of the scene, the quaint architecture, the formal avenue of trees, and the girl in the foreground spreading out linen to dry on the banks of a canal, are delineated in a way that implies a keen perception of their especial character. Mr. Boughton's "Hester Prynne" (237), illustrating Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and his single figure of a child, "Kitty" (368), though less interesting than his Dutch pictures, are excellent in their various ways; in both the landscape backgrounds are in perfect keeping with the figures.

THE "MORNE BRABANTE," MAURITIUS

THE "Morne Brabante" is a vast solitary rock which forms the south-westerly point of the Island of Mauritius. When the Dutch, and after them the French, were masters here, their high-spirited Malegash slaves, who had mostly been treacherously kidnapped in Madagascar, escaped in numbers to the woods which then clothed the interior; but finding no refuge there from the bloodhounds and guns of the police, they scaled the "Morne Brabante," and established themselves in the forest which still covers its strange summit. They became the scourge and terror of the neighbourhood, then the richest in the island, and were almost perfectly safe from attack, owing to the peculiar formation of their stronghold. Speaking roughly, the mountain consists of a cubical mass of lava and volcanic *débris*, about 2,000 feet high. On one side only is there any possibility of scaling it; on the landward face a narrow ridge runs down to the sandy plain, broken in many places by precipices, and cut off from the mass of the mountain by a crevasse, where a vertical dyke of lava has decayed away.

The difficulty of attacking such a stronghold, defended by a band of desperate men, was so great, that for a long time the Maroons were left unmolested. They were in the habit of making raids on the surrounding country; and, on one occasion, emboldened by the desire of vengeance on a planter who treated his slaves with great harshness, they burnt his ripe cane crop, his house and sugar mill, carried him off to the "Morne" with his wife and two sons, and murdered all that offered them any resistance. The Maroons forced their prisoners to cultivate their gardens on the top of the "Morne" while they lolled at their ease in the sun; the unfortunate woman, however, to escape the embraces of her brutal captors, threw herself over a precipice.

A son of the old planter, who had escaped the raid, collected a few bold spirits and led them up the mountain. Early one morning they threw a bamboo bridge across the crevasse, and surprised the Maroons asleep in their "cases." No quarter was given, their blood bedewed their manioc gardens, their bodies were thrown down the precipices, and the mountain was at last cleared of the savages who had made it their home.

Eighty or ninety years have passed since that final tragedy, and the mountain has remained undisturbed in its solitary grandeur, all attempts to reach the summit ending in failure. To explore the Maroons' ancient camp was the task I set before myself, and having induced a friend, Lieutenant-Colonel O—, to join me, we borrowed a boat, and started one morning from Port Louis for the "Morne." With a fine breeze on our quarter we did the twenty odd miles in about five hours, finally reaching the mouth of the Black River.

The next morning, having got four stout Malegash—probably descendants of the old slaves—to carry our baggage, as we intended to sleep on the mountain, we started to try the ascent. We chose the bed of the largest watercourse, then dry. This led us into the lower part of the crevasse—here a deep gully, which tried our climbing powers considerably. Shortly after we entered it, some big stones came tumbling down the cliff, and narrowly missed us. Looking up, we could make out a band of monkeys moving slowly across the precipice, where I never would have believed that anything but a bird could have reached. We fired at them with dark bullets, as they were too far for shot. We picked out a great dark fellow, the leader of the band, and who had dislodged the stones, and wounded him; but he jammed himself firmly into one of the largest lava bubbles, and probably is stuck there still. The gully became more and more difficult, owing to the rottenness of the stone and its steepness, as we crept along a ledge to the left on to the ridge, where we met our men, who had come up an easier,

although longer, way. A little higher we came to a steep, narrow pinnacle, on the other side of which lay the crevasse. Here our men struck, and positively refused to go any farther, complaining of giddiness, as did also my companion, Colonel O—. However, I persuaded them to have another try, letting me lead the way. Taking a ball of twine in my pocket, and with light tennis shoes on, I climbed carefully down the crevasse to the bottom, some fifty or sixty feet below; it was just about the size of a saddle, with a sheer drop on each side, while in front the rock overhung for a dozen or more feet up, and then rose vertically for sixty or eighty. At first sight it appeared impossible to mount; but to the right, over the precipice, there were a number of bubble-holes in the lava, which appeared sound enough to bear one's weight. I could just reach them with a long stride over the abyss, and after a few minutes' exciting climb, like a fly on a ceiling, I got above the overhanging part, and stopped to rest and to regain my *sang-froid*; then the remainder was comparatively easy. A cheer from my friend on the pinnacle encouraged me, and I soon got up the rest of the cliff, and reached the top of the crevasse, which on this side is considerably higher than the other.

The next thing to do was to get our rope properly fixed, so I tied the end of the string I had with me to a stone, and threw it across to the others, who attached the rope to it, which I hauled up and made fast to a big rock. Even when the rope was securely fastened, neither O— nor any of the men would attempt the climb, although we offered twenty-five rupees to any of the latter who would come. One said he would try, for that sum was a small fortune to him, but as soon as he had his hand on the rope his heart failed him, so I made up my mind to explore the mountain top alone.

My food, drink, and blanket were fastened to the rope and hauled up, and then I started on a tour of exploration. The top of the mountain was only a few hundred feet higher, and not very difficult to reach. I found on the highest point a stick, on which I had cut my name the first time I had been up, a year and a half before. I left in its place a sheet of lead with my name inscribed on it.

This mountain is said to be, and truly, more difficult to ascend than the "Pieter Both," with its peg-top like summit; the guide who shows the way and places the ropes on the latter told me that he had spent a week in trying, unsuccessfully, to reach the top of the "Morne," which besides has often been attempted by adventurous spirits of the garrison, but until now, I believe, without success.

The summit is a curious place; it has but a slight slope, ending on all sides in perpendicular precipices about 1,500 feet deep, except where the ridge runs up. Its area is about thirty-seven acres, all covered with a stunted forest never rising higher than twenty or thirty feet, but so dense and matted by the thorny "bambaras" creeper, that it is difficult to penetrate. Here and there among the trees rise patches of rock, one of which consists of beautifully regular columnar basalt.

I struck at once into the forest, and traversed the whole of the summit, presently coming upon an old clearing about one acre in extent, the scene of that terrible tragedy eighty years ago. All the garden plots are now covered with tangled grass, and the huts have crumbled into dust. I made out the sites of four "cases," which had been levelled by cutting into the slope, and the rotten corner posts of one still existed, but there was no sign of the vegetables and fruits which no doubt the Maroons had planted, except a solitary "patai," or sweet potato, which seemed to have a hard struggle for existence among the weeds. Not far away, on a patch of rock, there were several flat stones, so placed as to cover a natural hollow in the rock, and shield it from the sun. This depression might contain two or three gallons when full of water, and is evidently only fed by rain, which falls up here nearly every night. There was just a dribble of water oozing from cracks in the rocks at several places on the lower side of the summit, but no means seemed to have been taken to collect it. The soil at the site of the camp is deep, and should be very fertile, but the Maroons must have suffered severely at times from the want of water. The sun was getting low, and night falls so quickly in these latitudes, that it warned me to get back to my food and blanket before dark. It was a lovely clear evening, so clear in fact that I could see the sister island of Bourbon ninety-eight miles away, a rare sight from Mauritius, for its high mountains are usually covered with clouds. I arranged my bed among some bushes, within hail of the rest of the party the other side of the crevasse. Luckily, we had no rain that night, a very exceptional occurrence, and all that disturbed me were some inquisitive musk-rats, who came after my food, and squeaked round about me the whole night long. In the morning we found that the monkeys had been at our food on the opposite side of the crevasse, and had stolen some bread, cheese, and oranges, the latter, curiously enough, they did not relish, for after one bite in each they had been dropped. I again tried, and failed, to induce some of the others to come up the rope, and then started to walk round the edge of the summit. It was rough walking, although comparatively clear of bushes and thorns.

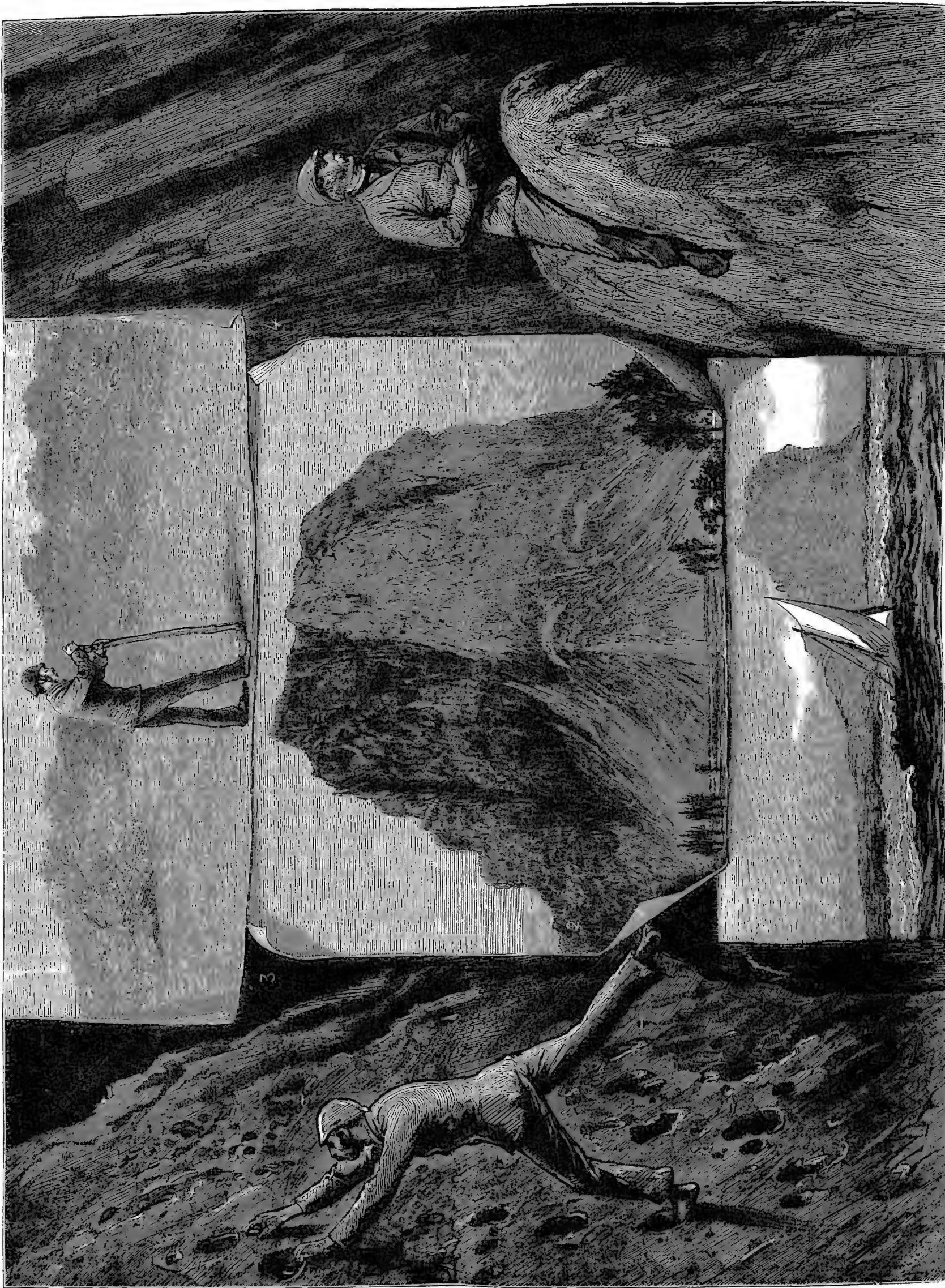
The view is very fine, the grand Black River range of mountains, broken by the stupendous river gorge, stretches away towards the curious peaks of the "Rempart," and "Trois Mamelles," while still farther away stands up the "Corps de Garde," with its perfect profile of Louis Philippe, the thumb-shaped "Pouce," and the extraordinary knob of the "Pieter Both." Black River Bay stretched from beneath my feet right up to the base of the mountains, closed in by the enormous oulying masses of the "Morne," and the Tamarind mountain. The shallow bay is fringed by its surf-covered coral reef, the passes through which were plainly distinguishable from my point of view. Just in front of the "Morne" is the "Passe de l'Ambulant," with a rock in its centre, making it a most dangerous strait.

Presently I arrived at the point whence the planter's wife had leapt. There were no roots or branches to break the fall, the rock goes sheer down for fifteen or sixteen hundred feet. At the base of the mountain, opposite this point, is a house where lived some French *gens*; a loud coo-ee brought them out, and we carried on a conversation without much difficulty. At several points I surprised bands of monkeys feeding on bark and seeds. They scrambled away chattering loud remonstrances. There were few birds in the forest, which is not surprising, for the monkeys are very fond of their eggs, only the "Paille-en-queue," or tropic birds, and "Mangeurs-des-poules," or hawks, which breed in the cliffs, out of reach even of monkeys, appeared to be plentiful.

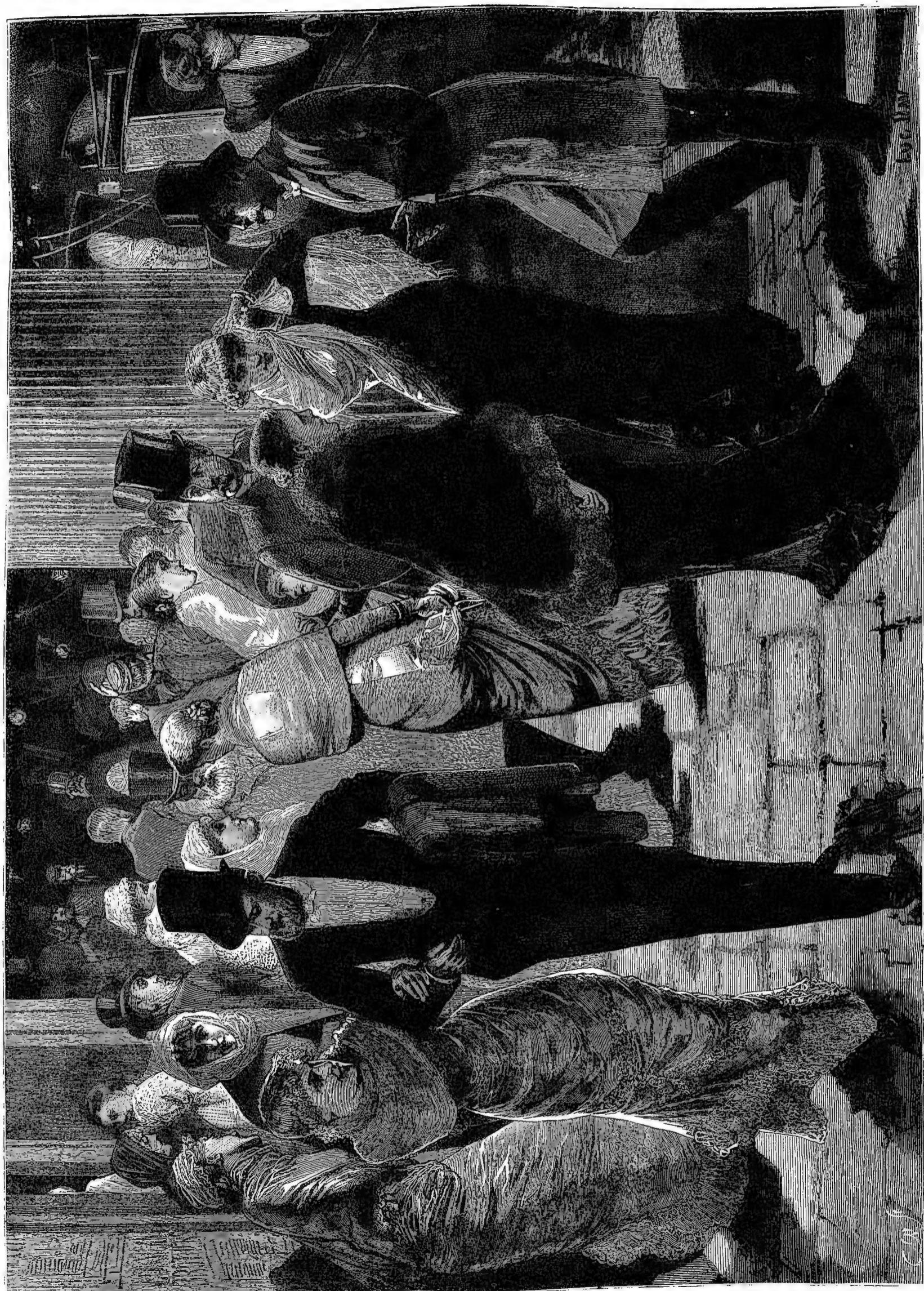
Having made the tour of the summit, and thus completed my exploration of the whole of it, I returned to the crevasse, slung across my traps by means of the rope, and got down myself without much difficulty. The rope was left there for the use of future mountaineers. We reached the base of the mountain without any adventures, in time to catch the tide, and sailed back to Port Louis.

"THE CLIMBING BOY."

PIGS AS DETECTIVES are rarities in police annals, yet a drove of these animals lately led to the capture of a gang of illicit distillers in Pennsylvania. The pigs were sold to the owner of a lawful distillery at some distance from their original feeding-ground, and on being turned into a yard, rushed at once to a trough of spent mash, and began to eat greedily. The owner knew that the animals had been brought up on mash, as otherwise pigs refuse to eat it, and the incident getting to the ears of the police, they followed up the pigs' tracks, and caught a number of "moonshiners" who had long been "wanted."



1. Distant View of the Mountain from the Sea.—2. Nearer View of the Mountain.—3. Climbing the Precipice.—4. On the Saddle.—5. Stake left on the Summit by the Climber Eighteen Months before.



AFTER THE PLAY—UNDER THE LYCEUM PORTICO



PROFESSOR LE CONTE, of the University of California, has tried in "Sight" (Kegan Paul and Co.), the new volume of the "International Scientific Series," "to make a book which should be intelligible and interesting to the thoughtful general reader, and at the same profitable to the most advanced specialist;" and by so doing he claims to have filled a gap in scientific literature, inasmuch as vision has by English writers been hitherto treated either as a branch of optics or of the physiology of the nervous system, while Helmholtz's great work on physiological optics is too technical for any one but an advanced student. In proof of his originality he states that of his 130 illustrations only twelve are borrowed. To binocular vision he devotes much space, pleading as his excuse the fascinating nature of the subject. We quite agree with him about the value of the study of vision as a means of scientific culture; it links together physics, physiology, and even psychology; it needs no costly apparatus; it compels the student to analyse the complex phenomena of sense in his own person. The book is certainly one of the most interesting of the series; the remarks on gradation among the senses are an instance of the author's excellent method, a method equally successful in discussing that problematical figure the horopter, and in explaining how to see through a deal board and how to combine stereoscopic pictures by squinting. Dr. Le Comte explodes many popular fallacies. It is not true, he says, that short-sight, being due to the convexity of the lenses, gets better with age. Old sight cannot see near objects, because the power of adjustment is lost, not through the flattening of the lenses, but through their growing less elastic.

In a few days the revised New Testament will be in our hands; but it will give us only results. "The Variorum New Testament" (Eyre and Spottiswoode) gives along with the authorised version a full account of the various readings and renderings and of the authority for each. It is a reprint from the Variorum Teachers' Bible which we welcomed so heartily last summer; and its appearance is most timely, for, by giving the ordinary Bible-reader the means of estimating the authority for the changes made by the revisors, it will lessen the shock which that revision cannot fail to give to many minds. It has been, we are told, in constant use by the Westminster revisers as a summary of results, while it puts the general public in possession of the steps and processes by which the results have been obtained. In clearness of type and arrangement it is an improvement on the old reference Bibles; the plan of making a note-mark at each end of the word or phrase commented on is a great help. The names of the editors, Rev. R. L. Clarke, of Queen's, Rev. A. Goodwin, of Balliol, and Dr. Sanday, of Durham, are warrant for the exhaustive character of the work.

"Our Own Country" (Cassell and Co.) continues to take us in a very interesting way up and down Great Britain and across to the sister island, Norwich, Aberdeen, the New Forest, Kilnarney, St. Albans, Sheffield, are only a few of the places described and profusely illustrated. Some of the illustrations are very good. Clovelly Street, immortalised in Dr. Hawker's "Life," the quaint bits of antiquity in Saffron Walden, the sylvan scenes round Guildford, deserve especial praise; while Manchester, with its Town Hall, its Owens' College, and its Assize Court, seems as if it could fairly compete with any of the great Belgian towns. The descriptions are not only very readable, but (so far as we have been able to test them) singularly accurate. Thus, of the Cornish heath, a straggler from the Bay of Biscay, we are reminded that in Cornwall it only grows on the serpentine. The account of the various Colleges at Oxford, though brief, is full of facts; while to Manchester, strangely enough, we are taken for legends.

In two thick volumes of nearly 800 pp., Major Serpa Pinto tells us "How I Crossed Africa" (Sampson Low). Judicious pruning might easily have reduced the two volumes to one, for Major Pinto tells us everything about himself, besides a good deal about sorcery and other matters which has been told several times before. As it stands, however, the book is full of interest; for it is the faithful reproduction of a diary kept by one who did real work, and suffered much hardship, in countries not traversed before. Major Pinto was Military Commandant in Algarve when the irresistible longing came upon him to leave "the prosaic shores of Europe" and turn African explorer. Fortunately for him this African fever-fit coincided with the determination of the Portuguese Government to send out an exploring expedition; and he and his fellow-travellers got 1,760*l.* for equipment, which they procured in Paris and London. When we find him destroying sixty-one loads of merchandise and luggage, and leaving his india-rubber boat in a chief's hands, we can't help fancying the outfit was rather too extensive. However, he praises the English waterproofs; while of the kindness of Englishmen, official and unofficial, he met with many instances. Our excellence as colonists is due, he says, to our never being troubled with home-sickness. Hence we make ourselves as comfortable as we can, and get on better than the Latin race, despite its greater fitness for resisting the climate and associating with the natives. Major Pinto writes in a very lively style, and the translation is so well done that it reads like an original work. Some of the scenes, such as that where Governor Albuquerque of Loanda asked Stanley for a certificate that slavery was unknown in his territory, and that which describes the state of things at Benguela, where the Government plates are chipped and glasses cracked, and successive Governors have been trying since 1790 to get carriages for two old brass guns, are full of humour. At the outset the chief worry was with couriers; they ran away, sometimes alone, sometimes with other people's wives; the very donkeys proved restive, and there was no one to train them. Presents of *aguardiente* only make bad worse; and but for the clever dodge of getting a sub-chief to go as guide, the expedition would have failed ignominiously. When the carriers struck work, Major Pinto adopted the very effective plan of binding the chief hand and foot, and prepared to hang him to the nearest tree. He also made friends with medicine men, and found them useful allies; but in a desperate battle on the Upper Zambeze nitro-glycerine cartridges were his best friends. The fearful maiming caused by these missiles, fired by pure accident, spread a timely panic among assailants who seemed sure of annihilating his little force. Undismayed by several severe attacks of fever, and unmoved by the charms of a Princess of the Ambullas who fell desperately in love with him, Major Pinto pushed on to the cataracts of the Zambeze, the largest in the world. Kept prisoner through want of goods to pay toll and to satisfy his boatmen, he was rescued by the kindness of the Coillards, a family of French missionaries. Of his remarks on politics, the most interesting is his version of the Transvaal business. The annexation, he says, was pacific, "but the Boers knew nothing of it." He lays much blame on the bad missionaries (there are two kinds, he explains), who set black against white and systematically vilified the Boers to the European public. It is a pity what he tells us was not published until after our defeats. There is something very taking in the style of the whole book. No one can read it without getting to like the writer; we expected a good deal from Major Pinto, and we are not disappointed. One thing needs explanation: the iron instrument used as a handkerchief (!) by the Luinas.

Jules Verne's "Great Explorers of the Nineteenth Century" (Sampson Low) is the sort of book to make boys long to be explorers. It is divided into two parts; the first deals with those who went by land, the second with the circumnavigators, including the Russian Kruzenstern, who had prepared himself by a six years' apprenticeship in the English Navy, and the Frenchmen, Freycinet and Bougainville. Perhaps the account of Caillé is the most interesting and, to many readers, the most novel. Caillé was made a traveller by reading "Robinson Crusoe." At sixteen he managed to get to the Senegal; but some friends found him an appointment at Guadaloupe which he only held two years, so strongly was he smitten with the African fever. To save money he managed an indigo factory at Sierra Leone; and, at last, after manifold troubles, he reached Timbuctoo, a year after Major Laing, who (some will remember) was murdered on his way back. Caillé owed his safety to imposture; he pretended he was an Arab stolen from Egypt by Bonaparte's army, and trying to make his way to his friends. The Moors believed him, treated him fairly well, and he managed to make his way up to Tangier. A hint to the translator; the book is chiefly for the young—surely the degrees should have been either reduced to Fahrenheit, or mentioned as Centigrade: 35° in the shade does not without explanation convey the idea of excessive heat.

M. du Boys, as Miss Yonge explains in the preface to her edition of his "Catherine of Arragon" (Hurst and Blackett) does not look on Henry VIII. from an English standpoint, either from that chosen by Mr. Froude, or from that accepted by the great bulk of the nation. His book is valuable as an able compendium of documents about Catherine, and also as a statement, *ex parte* of course, of the causes which led to the English Reformation. Much that every English schoolboy is aware of—the reforms planned by Wolsey and Warham, and the earnestness with which Henry VIII. (no less than Charles V.) desired a General Council—he wholly ignores; but he is full of interesting notes from the Simancas archives, and it is refreshing to see how the very facts which in Mr. Froude's hands make for Henry VIII. are by M. du Boys turned to his discredit. The brief lives of Ferdinand and Isabella are well told, and are interesting even to those who know the more picturesque details of Prescott. Some strange things come out in connection with Henry VII.; not only was he anxious to marry his son Arthur's widow, but, failing this, he was desperately eager, old as he was, for a match with the Queen Dowager of Naples. M. du Boys naturally regrets that Charles V. did not send to England a few thousand good Spanish soldiers when the suppression of the monasteries had thrown the nation into a ferment. This, he thinks, would have "extinguished the new Church." To Henry's divorcing Catherine (strangely misprinted Anne Boleyn) is traced the beheading of Charles I. and the ruin of the Stuarts. The book, dedicated to Cardinal Newman, should be read by all who want to take a comprehensive view of the period. We need not say that Miss Yonge's work is thoroughly and conscientiously done.

Carlyle's "Reminiscences" was sure to provoke a counterblast. General Sir E. B. Hamley has republished from "Maga" as "Thomas Carlyle, an Essay" (Blackwood), his papers on the "Mirage Philosophy" and on "Frederick the Great;" the former being mainly an analysis of and criticism upon "Sartor Resartus." Every impartial reader will feel that, though much of what he says is indisputably true, General Hamley is too ready to find fault, and does not sufficiently take into account Carlyle's immense influence in stirring into action the best sympathies of his readers. The man who gave a dead list to the social purpose of his day is not to be twitted with "the want of feasibility of his remedial doctrines." His work was to expose shams; had he set himself to point out the precise mode of betterment, he would have lost himself and destroyed his influence, as so many French thinkers have done. To sum up by saying that "his tale, though not told by an idiot, is full of sound and fury, and signifies—nothing," is certainly not a fair statement of the case; but we need not enlarge on this point: the thinking world has long since judged between Carlyle and General Hamley. At any rate the General's Essay is short; which is more than can be said for "Thomas Carlyle, the Man and His Books" (Marshall Japp), a compilation of 400 pp., which was in print, the author assures us, before Mr. Froude's book came out. Mr. Wylie must not be astonished if, where he and Mr. Froude differ as to fact, the public hold that the latter is right and he wrong. Mr. Froude's close intimacy with Mr. Carlyle is well known. The younger scholar had nursed the elder in Wales, and was his nearest friend long before the task of literary executor devolved on him. What, if any, are Mr. Wylie's private sources of information he does not say. He is confessedly a borrower, having been led, he says, into one error by "Mr. Milburn of America," and into a good many others which he does not acknowledge, and which we need not specify. What we object to in Mr. Wylie's book—apart from the style, of which "the eightieth birthday of the immortal Sartor" is an instance—is a tone of detraction, as if political animosity were suffered to interfere with calm judgment. Because Carlyle went with the South in the American War, it is surely unfair to cry him down as a reactionist who had turned aside into the "Everlasting No." We must look to Carlyle's general influence; though even in his extremest views we shall find him much sounder than he often gets credit for being. He had his idiosyncrasies; but such apocryphal weaknesses as his sneer at the wink of "the man they call Dizzy" are thoroughly separable from his character as a whole. He was no *doctrinaire* with a panacea ready for every conceivable social and political mischief; and therefore many are offended at him.

"Egypt" and "Australia," the oldest country in the world, and the newest, are the latest additions to the series of "Foreign Countries and British Colonies" (S. Low and Co.). In the one the emigrant, in the other the tourist who cares for Egypt as it is, will find a mass of useful information. His account of Mehemet Ali's dynasty Mr. Poole borrows from his father's article in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica"; and while he leaves the Albanians' *coups d'état* in their unmitigated ugliness, he does not forget to remind us that it was the British who, in 1801, for the sake of taking Alexandria, destroyed its healthiness, and turned Lake Mareotis into a pestilential salt marsh. The Suez Canal, it seems, is destroying the carrying trade of Egypt, while Port Said and the other towns along its banks have grown so sleepy that "a serious collapse is needed to stir them up." On transplanted obelisks Mr. Poole is very severe, pursuing them with scorn wherever they have been set up in Europe. His chapter on "The Wealth of Egypt" is singularly clear and convincing. We are sorry to find that the native industries are dying out, and that the sugar-cane is a curse and not a blessing. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, late Colonial Secretary of Victoria, writes as one having authority; and his remarks on the treatment of aborigines—"History presents no example of native dispossessed by superior race with less hardship and oppression"—and on the use of Kanaka labour, though thoroughly colonial, deserve thoughtful consideration. He clearly points out the "rocks ahead" in the different colonies—the financial danger in Queensland; the stagnation in that earthly Paradise, Tasmania, from which the Victorian tariffs cut off its chief market. South Australia seems best off, the corn export alone amounting to 16*l.* a head for every man, woman, and child. West Australia, hopelessly barren, except of lovely flowers, has lost the chance of becoming a health-resort for Anglo-Indians owing to the opening of the Suez Canal. We think the Chinese will hold their own on the Gulf of Carpentaria, despite the vexatious laws enacted to keep them out. The book is quite worthy of the very useful and handy series to which it belongs.

The fifth and concluding volume of the "Library of English Literature," edited by Mr. John Morley (Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and

Galpin) is devoted to "Longer Works in English Verse and Prose." Beginning with that oldest of English poems, the "Saga of Beowulf," and closing with a synopsis of George Eliot's "Romola," the volume is in every way as well edited, if not from the nature of its contents as comprehensive as its predecessors. The whole series of this work is now complete, and forms an excellent survey of English literature for more than a thousand years. The typical works of the best-known authors are quoted either in their entirety, as in the case of the shorter pieces, or as regards their most important passages, and a capital synopsis of the author's labours is invariably given. For a small library these volumes will be found particularly valuable.

"Practical Photography," by O. E. Wheeler (Bazaar Office, 170, Strand) is an exceedingly useful book for those amateurs who have taken up the art as an amusement. The work is what it professes to be, eminently "practical;" theory, except for a few words at the beginning, is left aside, and the various methods of dry and wet plate photography are clearly and thoroughly explained. It is the most comprehensive work on the subject for its size that we have yet seen.

Two little gift books for children have reached us: "Uncle John's Anecdotes of Animals and Birds" (Partridge and Co.), full of illustrated stories of dogs, horses, and birds, and "Grandpapa's Verses and Pictures" (Griffith and Farran), which also contains numerous illustrations of animals admirably executed by R. H. Moore.



MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED'S story of Australian Life, "Policy and Passion" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is an unusually good and powerful novel. The Australian Colonies have not hitherto produced fiction of a really high class, and this makes a novel of the calibre of Mrs. Praed's doubly welcome. It is not mere record of the experiences of a literary European traveller or sojourner in a new and strange country, who insists upon finding new and picturesque differences between the old and a new world, but it deals with things which to most of us must seem socially strange and foreign from the point of view of their being natural and normal. The interest of the story, which is great in itself, draws additional strength from the fact of being national and local as well as personal. The central male character is the Premier of a colony which Mrs. Praed disguises under the name of Leichardt's Land, so that we are made to move in something of a political atmosphere. But it is in the portraiture of his daughter Honoria that the authoress displays the full strength of her power. Honoria Longleat is not only a striking but in many respects an original conception. The Premier's combination of strength and weakness, personal and political, is admirably developed, but calls for less exceptional depth of insight and skill of touch than his daughter, whose curiously labyrinthine nature renders her one of the most singular characters in fiction. A noble nature steeped in faults and requiring some violent blow before it can do itself justice is of course not a new study, but it has very seldom been worked out with that complete knowledge of all the turns and phases of such a character which makes it impossible to imagine that Honoria is not the portrait of some absolutely real woman. Many of the scenes in the story are strikingly dramatic—notably the public exposure of the personal antecedents of the Premier during a legislative crisis. Altogether, the novel must be described as both remarkably powerful and interesting in itself, and as a fresh and faithful picture of a country and society of which too many of us know disgracefully little. It is also most gratefully distinguished by breadth of view and force of style.

"An English Squire," by C. R. Coleridge (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is a character study of a very different kind—that of a Spanish half-brother who, when of formed and mature age comes from Seville to take the place of heir in a county family of Westmoreland strongly marked with local and personal idiosyncrasies. The unwelcome but inevitable presence of such a fish out of water leads to episodes and complications as natural as they were disagreeable to everybody concerned, and it is difficult to praise too highly the skill with which the authoress has brought the overwhelming importance of straws, where such false relations are brought into play. All the brothers and sisters, including Don Alvar, are, with all their faults of temper and peculiarities of nature and training, very excellent young people, and in the unselfish friendship which grew up between Alvar and Cheriton Lester, who had hitherto held the eldest brother's place, we have a really beautiful and touching picture. Cheriton is a character of whose mixture of manly strength with almost more than womanly tenderness Miss Coleridge may be proud. The novel, drawing its whole interest as a story from seemingly little details, must have been singularly difficult to write, so that its unquestionable success is all the more admirable. In the result we are made to feel that we are reading a true family history in which we are personally concerned. Though a great point is made of family resemblance, this is rendered, with excellent effect, a means of bringing out diversity. Every character stands out alive. The style is bright and graceful, and the tone generous and high. The only marked fault of the novel is its needless length, due to over-much repetition and to the over-development of some unnecessary characters.

There is a certain ill-natured theory to the effect that it is always easy and pleasant to praise any book, but very hard to praise one. But it is very hard indeed to give to "Our Little Gipsy," by Emma C. Steinmann, (3 vols.: S. Tinsley and Co.), a just amount of praise without giving it far more than its due share of attention; impossible to dispose of it shortly without letting it off too easily. To give it so much negative praise as may consist in leaving the mass of its offences uncatalogued is therefore, for once, an easier and certainly more pleasant task than to condemn in detail. The faults are very positive—even aggressive. Emma C. Steinmann is evidently one of those ladies who mistake coarseness of language for strength of style, and who speak of a spade, when there is no occasion for speaking of a spade at all, just in order that they may call it a spade. For the rest, "Our Little Gipsy" is not likely to attract anybody on other grounds. Beyond even what usually comes from the pens of those who seek to make up for real feebleness by the coarseness which weakness mistakes for strength, the plot of the novel is silly, and its treatment dull.

"The Brides of Ardmore," by Agnes Smith (1 vol.: Elliot Stock), is a historical novel of ecclesiastical Ireland seven centuries ago. Though the sentiments and thoughts of the characters are too much flavoured with our own time, the story, so far as it may be called a story, cannot fail to interest those to whose local knowledge or special tastes it appeals, especially as a considerable amount of research has gone to its production. To the ordinary novel reader, whom a plot always attracts inversely to the square of its distance, as a mathematician might put it, the obscurity and remoteness of its period will probably prove an objection, especially since the centuries are not bridged over by any striking human interest. It must be considered as an able antiquarian novel.

A CURIOUS ALTERATION IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE is now prevalent in many Teutonic literary circles. The silent *h* is dropped in such words as *Thier*, *Theil*, &c., which are now often written *Tier*, *Teil*, as well as *Glut*, *Rat*, and *Flut*. In *Thee* the *h* is retained, this being a foreign word Germanised.

DEATH.

On the 11th May, at 20, Tavistock Square, after a painful and severe illness, CATHERINE, the beloved wife of GEORGE HUDSON, formerly of Rio de Janeiro, in her last year. Deeply lamented by her sorrowing husband, children, relatives, and a large circle of friends. May her soul rest in peace!

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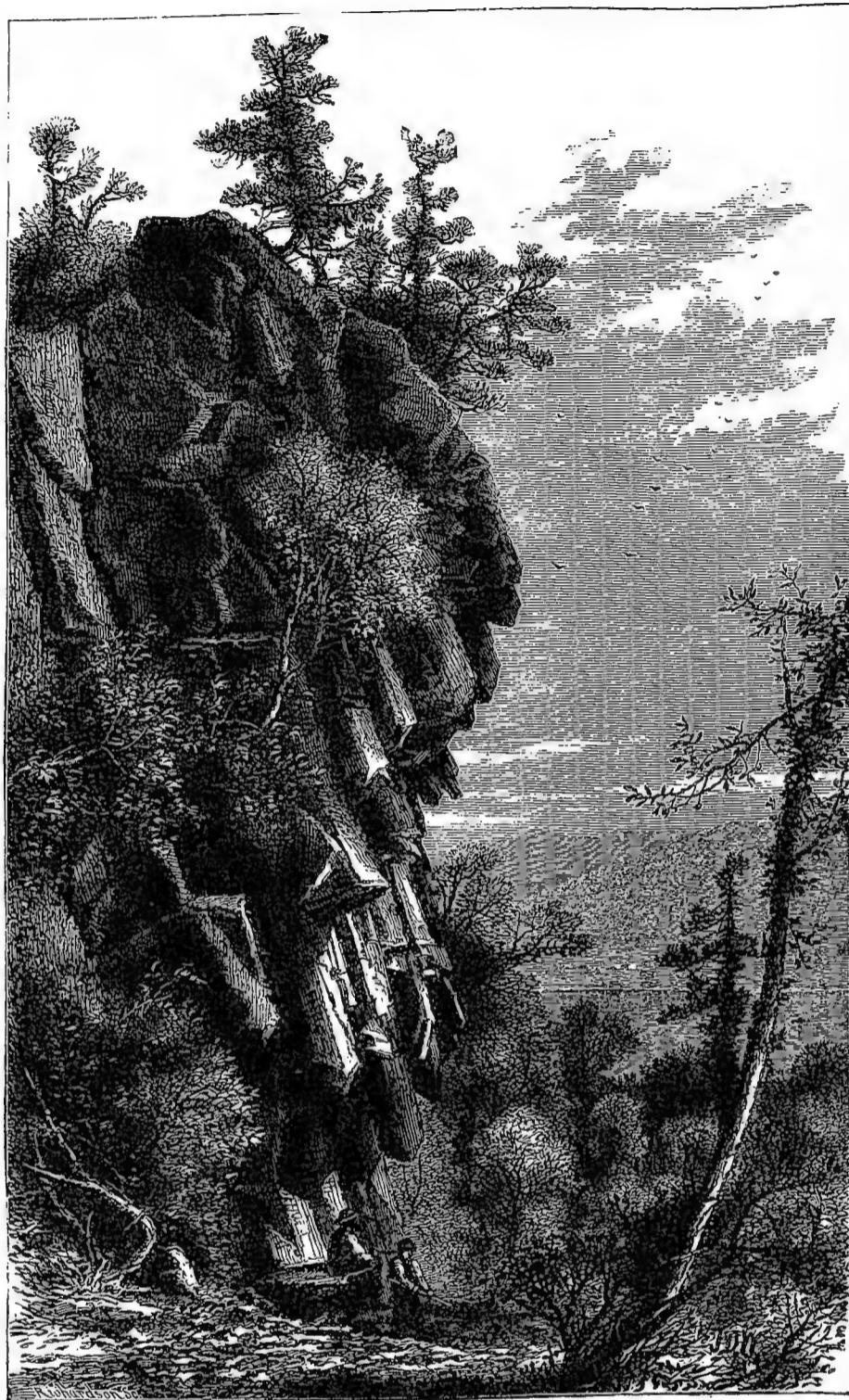
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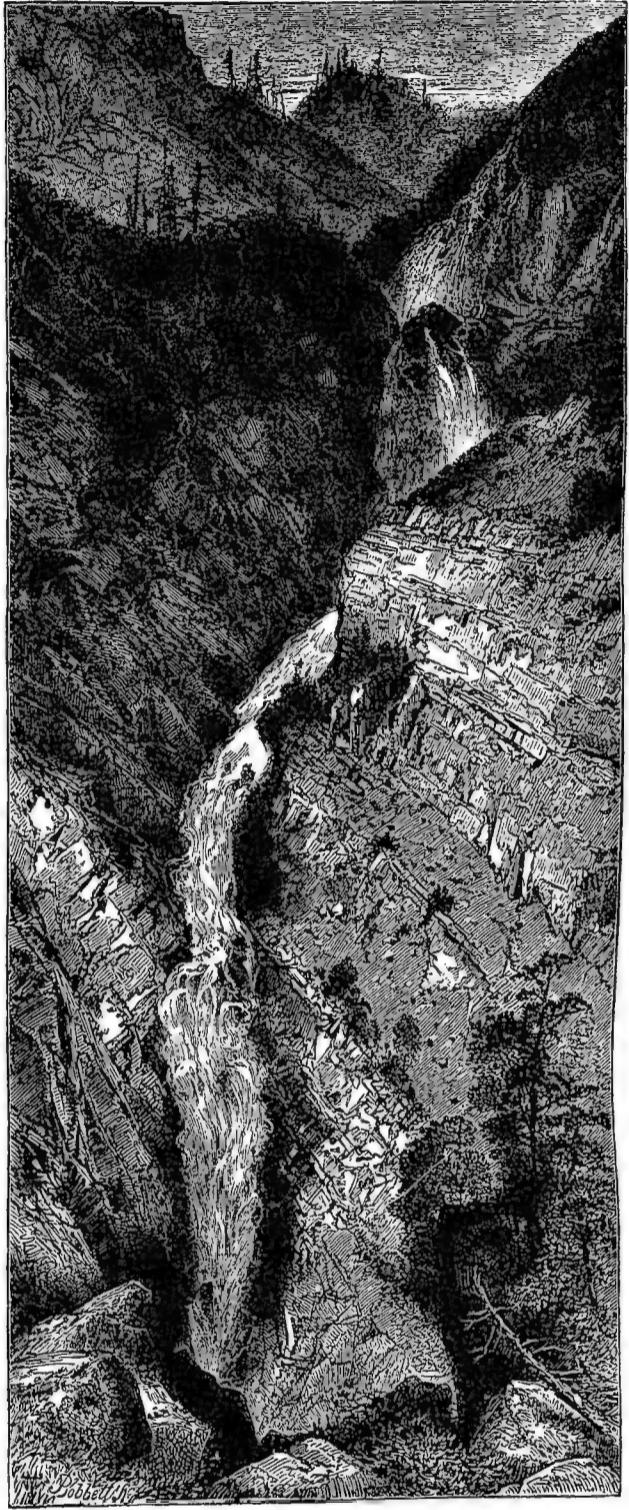
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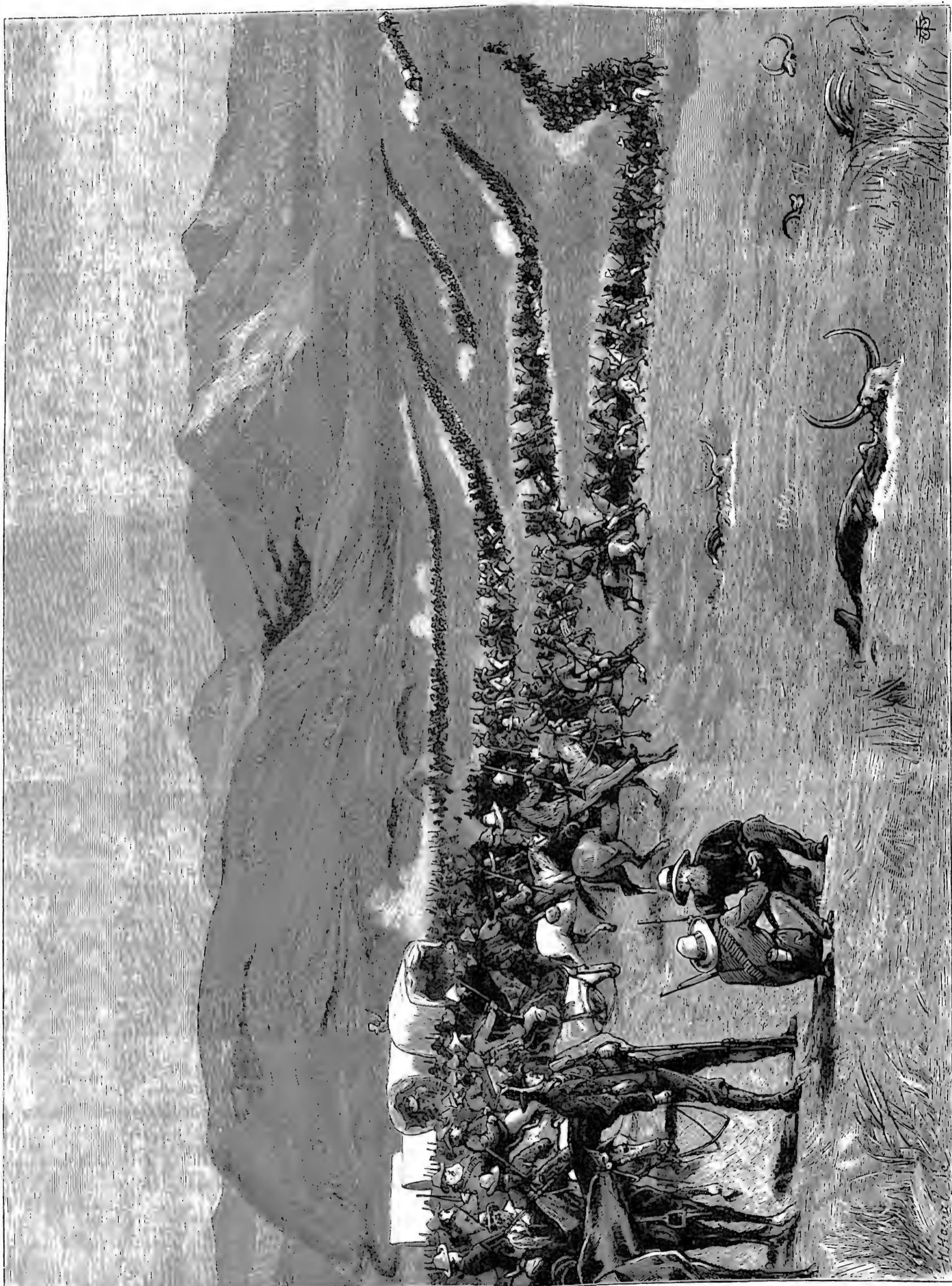


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THE NEGOTIATIONS IN THE TRANSVAAL—EVACUATION OF LAING'S NEK, MARCH 24
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP

who met her on the stairs with his boots off, and presenting a pistol made her give up her purse, and afterwards show him down stairs to the front door, whence, after putting on his boots, he quietly walked off, waving his hand to the lady, who fainted, and did not recover for some time.

COCKFIGHTING is still in fashion in some parts of the country, Cumberland to wit, where a party of ardent sportsmen, after successfully dodging the police all through the night, were caught at five o'clock next morning in *flagrante delicto*. They were each fined 50s. and costs, a penalty which can hardly be expected to deter them from running the risk of detection on future occasions.

A MINIATURE WAR has, it appears, been going on for some time between the juvenile residents of Homerton and Hackney, gangs of rough lads and young men, often to the number of 100 or 200, parading the streets armed with sticks, stones tied in handkerchiefs, belts, and even knives; and not only fighting amongst themselves, but attacking passers-by, without rhyme or reason other than that afforded by the answer to their preliminary query, "Where are you from?" Whether the quarrel had any cause other than the inherent pugnacity of the contending parties nobody seems to know; but two of the leading belligerents have just been captured by the police, and sentenced, the one to one month, and the other to six months' hard labour.

MR. JOHN REA, the Irish solicitor, whose excitable temper and eccentric habits have made him well known in the Belfast Law Courts, committed suicide on Tuesday by shooting himself with a revolver. He was found dead in his bed-chamber, the report of the pistol not having been heard by any one in the house.

ICE-LAND IN HOLBORN.—With the summer months and the hot weather in immediate prospect, a due regard for the health of even the ragamuffin portion of the juvenile population of the metropolis suggests the expediency of an investigation by the sanitary authorities into the composition of a luxury of the streets each year increasing in popular esteem—the halfpenny ice-cream. As most of us are aware, it is as well not to be too inquisitive as to the *modus operandi* by means of which the cook and confectioner achieve such satisfactory results, and it may be that the parti-coloured creams of the barrow are not the less wholesome because they are manufactured almost exclusively in one of the most squalid and overcrowded neighbourhoods in all London. Such is the fact, however, and it is the better worth noting because, in the first place, never was the said neighbourhood in such an unwholesome condition than at the present time; and, secondly, because the preparations for the approaching cheap ice-cream campaign are on an unprecedentedly extensive scale there. The peripatetic industry in question has its headquarters in the centre of a vile "slum" that opens out of Leather Lane. There, and within a space of certainly not more than two hundred square yards, are banded together thousands of Neapolitan and Swiss and Italian organ-men, asphalt-layers, and ice-cream dealers, the latter comprising by far the majority. So extensive is the trade that day by day many large van-loads of block and rough ice are delivered at the premises of the wholesale receivers who retail it to the barrow people. Some idea of the extent of the traffic may be derived from the fact that in one short and dreadful-looking street, called Summer Street, which contains not more than twenty tall and dilapidated houses, a hundred and ten barrows were counted, closely-packed, three deep, and on either side of the way, while in the surrounding blind alleys and unsavoury no-thoroughfares, probably twice the number found stowage. Admitting an abundant water supply—which is questionable—and the observance of all possible cleanliness—which the appearance of the people by no means warrants—there still remains the undeniable objection that the frozen delicacy must in nearly all cases be concocted in the living and sleeping-rooms of those who bring it out to sell.

STOLEN GOODS.—A Bill has been introduced by the Lord Chancellor, having for its laudable object the affording of increased facilities for tracing stolen jewellery and plate and such other articles that usually find their way into the hands of the "fence," or the obliging tradesman who, calling himself a "refiner," has his melting-pot in constant readiness for the convenience of customers who, for private reasons, have a fancy to convert any gold or silversmith's goods that may happen to come into their possession—no matter how elaborate or costly their fashion—into plain dumps and ingots. There can be no doubt that if it were rendered more difficult for thieves and burglars to dispose of their plunder, the trade would proportionately diminish. Many of those who at present are merely graduating, or who at best are but semi-professional, would take to honest living in sheer disgust at the small profit yielded by robbery. It is not more than a fortnight since, in a case tried at Brentford Petty Sessions, it came out in evidence that the gang of thieves tried had in their possession at one time sixteen pounds weight of solid silver, besides some forks and spoons, and that, after driving about for two whole days in search of a customer, it was eventually sold for 18*l.* In a still more recent case, a burglary was committed at the West End by a couple of rascals of such limited experience that they did not know what to do with their valuable booty after they had secured it. The property stolen was valued at 500*l.*, and when one of the two burglars was arrested, his first remark was, "Little enough I got out of it,—only 5*l.*," which was likely enough, since, after vainly endeavouring to do better with it, the bulk of the diamonds and jewellery was sold to a barber in Whitecross Street. The Lord Chancellor's Bill proposes that all second-hand dealers in watches, jewellery, and precious metals shall be compelled to take out a licence, which shall take the form of a magistrate's certificate, as is the case with a pawnbroker's licence, and that no dealer shall in any way alter the appearance of any goods he may buy until seventy-two hours have elapsed since the hour when they were purchased. Power will also be given to police inspectors to apply for a search warrant on their statement that they have reason for suspecting any premises. Should the Bill become law, it must at least have the effect of making the receiver's business even more secret than at present, and, in view of the increased penalties they will incur, their price for plunder may, perhaps, become so insignificant, that Mr. Sikes will, metaphorically speaking, beat his "jenny" into a ploughshare, burglary being no longer worthy his serious attention.

UNDERPAID TELEGRAPH CLERKS.—Some extraordinary statements are reported as having been made at a meeting of Telegraph clerks held a few evenings since at the Foresters' Hall in Clerkenwell. For a considerable time the Central Telegraph Clerks' Association have been agitating for some amelioration of their present condition, and, as their claim for more liberal treatment at the hands of the Post Office authorities has been to some extent admitted, they are still chafing under hope deferred. It was stated by the Chairman of the meeting that during the past year 2,341 clerks, mostly males, had quitted the service, and that at the present time it was found impossible to transact the necessary telegraphic business without calling on the unfortunate operatives to work night and day. "This week," said the chairman, who was a senior clerk, "the day staff will have to work twenty-one hours out of twenty-four, and it will be the same next week." If this is the case—and it seems almost incredible—it is almost as great a marvel as telegraphy itself that our messages are as faithfully forwarded as they are. It would not be surprising if, nodding over his needle, the weary operator mingled with the message incoherent utterances from Dreamland. It did not transpire at what rate the overworked clerks were paid overtime, but it is to be hoped it was on a more generous basis than their wages scale, which in hun-

dreds of cases is said to be about twenty-seven shillings a week. It was only a week or two since that a tipsy mail-cart driver excused himself on the ground that he was tempted to take a drop too much because of the many hours a-day he was compelled to work—sixteen, his weekly wages being three-and-twenty shillings. The auxiliary letter-carriers are grumbling, too, at what they regard as the inadequate pay of twopence-halfpenny an hour. One way and another, it would seem that a little might be judiciously spared from the very handsome surplus the General Post Office is enabled annually to hand over to the Treasury, and added to the subordinates' wages account.

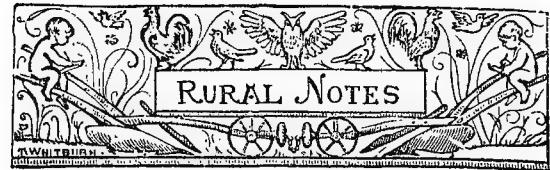
A MIRACLE AT COW CROSS.—The Artisans' Dwelling Act, by virtue of which the Metropolitan Board of Works has wrought such havoc amongst the unwholesome and overcrowded habitations of the poor, may not have altogether fulfilled the flowery praises ventured in its name; but in at least one instance it has brought about something that is very much of the nature of a miracle. If there was one spot in all London that more than another cried aloud for the Act's interference, it was that situated in the immediate vicinity of the Sessions House at Clerkenwell. Here were to be found a dreadful network of courts and alleys nestling at the rear of Turnmill Street, including Fryingpan Alley, Turk's Head Court, Broad Yard (better known locally as "Little Hell," or "Jack Ketch's Warren"), and half a dozen others of a like character, comprising two or three hundred dilapidated old houses, each one swarming from garret to cellar with the dregs of the population, including a by no means small number of the criminal classes. The only entry to several of these pestiferous alleys was by means of a low arched way that was actually of less width than the length of an ordinary walking stick, though the grimy habitations beyond accommodated four or five hundred human creatures, scores of whom, during very hot weather, were glad to escape from the stifling atmosphere of night into the open street, where they sat in a long row on the narrow pavement until the small hours of morning brought some degree of coolness, and their hole-and-corner couches became endurable. Under such conditions nothing seemed more unlikely than that "once upon a time" Turnmill Street was entitled to be so called because of a branch of the River Fleet that flowed near at hand between grassy banks, and turned a mill. Grass, indeed! There were City missionaries and others acquainted with Fryingpan Alley at its worst, who were ready to vouch that hundreds of children resided there and round about who never in their lives had seen a green blade, or knew otherwise than by rumour what buttercups and daisies meant. They are scattered now, those same children, but, wonder of wonders, if they choose to do so, they may come back now, and revel ankle deep in green grass that quite covers the whole space where the hideous old houses stood a year or two since. Mother Shipton is reported to have prophesied some extraordinary things, but it is doubtful if, reckless vaticinator as she was, had she lived in London twenty years ago, she would have ventured to predict the near approach of the time when there should be hay-making at Cow Cross, and children making daisy chains on the site of Jack Ketch's Warren?



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LAMBORN COCK.—Three songs, music by Walter Maynard, are up to the mark of his well-established musical reputation as a ballad writer. "Love Described" is a charming melody of medium compass. The words are from Mrs. Lowell's celebrated play of *Ingomar*. A racy song for a tenor—the very thing for a People's Concert or Penny Reading—is "The Golden Maid." The words are by Edward Jenkins, author of "Ginx's Baby." A meet companion for the above is "Comfort Bay; a Bos'n's Song," for which the above composer has also supplied the words.—Two refined and very pleasing songs of medium compass, written and composed by Helen Burnside and Ciro Pintuti, are "Sowing and Reaping" (both words and music of which are well-united) and "The Unfinished Song," which is pathetic, but of a more ordinary type than its companion.—A simple but very effective song for a contralto, if sung with due expression, is "My Child," a poem from "Within and Without," by George MacDonald, LL.D., music by C. A. Macirone, who has composed the music for a pretty little love song, words by Thomas Hood, "There is Dew for the Floweret."—Fresh and bright, as its title would lead us to suppose, is "Lilac Bloom," a graceful song published in two keys. Music by Sir Julius Benedict; words by Jetty Vogel.—"My Heart" is the title of a confession by a coquette, who, contrary to the severe laws of justice, does not meet with her reward. This tender poem is by F. Langbridge; the appropriate and pathetic music by Jacques Blumenthal.—The loving sentiments are the same, but scarcely so poetically expressed, of "I Asked My Heart," Words by L. A. Johnstone; music by W. S. Hoyle. The latter, although a musicianly composer, has not the facile pen of a song writer so gifted as Jacques Blumenthal.—Four pretty part songs for three female voices are "The Tyrolean Evening Hymn," words by Mrs. Hemans, music by J. L. Hatton; "A Charade," a breaking-up song for treble voices, the lively words by Albert A. Eady, Esq.; the music by Madame Sainton-Dolby. Very appropriate to the occasion for which it was written; "Soft Winds are Sighing Now," a trio for treble voices written by C. J. Rowe, and adapted and arranged to a well-known Bohemian melody by C. Stiebler Cook (which will assuredly be the favourite of the group); and "The Butterfly's Ball," a canzonetta for three treble voices, written by W. Roscoe, composed by Sir George T. Smart.—"Fragments Selected from the Instrumental Works of Haydn," arranged for the pianoforte by a transcriber who, with unfeigned modesty, conceals his or her name, will take a fair position in the musical ranks. No. 1 is "Romance," from the symphony "La

Reine de France;" No. 2, "Movement in A Major," from the "Grand Symphony in D."—A "Bourée" for the pianoforte, by Florence May, and a "Minuet and Trio," by Claudius H. Couldry, are compositions of more than average merit, worthy the attention of pianoforte students.



EXTRAORDINARY TITHES.—The Parliamentary Committee to inquire into these tithes consists of Mr. Biddell, Mr. Duckham, Sir W. Hart Dyke, Sir E. Filmer, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Hardcastle, Mr. Howard, Mr. Inderwick, Mr. S. Leighton, Sir Charles Mills, Mr. Slater Booth, Mr. A. P. Vivian, Mr. Walter, and Mr. Whitehead. This seems a very good Committee, and we hope a practical scheme of extraordinary tithe redemption may be the result of its deliberations.

AMERICAN CATTLE.—Speaking at an agricultural meeting in Berwickshire, Sir Edward Marjoribanks, M.P., advised the importation of young lean cattle from America as a remedy for the disease which had recently prevailed in this country.

THE SPADE.—The best spades are those made of steel, and to a reasonable extent the thinner they are the better. A spade, to work well, should be bright, and have a thin edge, and be only slightly hollow, or the dust will hold. This is especially to be remembered when dealing with clayey soils. The handle should be slightly bent, be straight grained, and the shaps should extend half-up. The spade should be kept clean while at work, and when done with should be wiped clean and dry. It should then be hung up in some dry place under cover, until again wanted.

HAY.—This crop is likely to be of fine quality, but the quantity is almost sure to be short. Although the weather is now showery, a full yield can hardly be made up.

A NEW LILY will be intensely welcomed, as well as "welcomed by the intense." *Zephyranthes Tropicana* is not a very charming name; still it might be worse. The leaves of this lily are very thin and narrow, like stiff grass. They are channelled with acute margins, and are of a bright and shining green. The flower is of a deep pure white, the pollen yellow. The shape of the flower is very graceful. This lily should be planted in well-drained light soil, whether in the open or in pots. Warmth is necessary, but no excessive heat. All lilies should be well watered; this variety requires even an extra share of moisture. Kept in pots and indoors the present month is its normal time of flowering.

FRUIT PROSPECTS.—Cherry trees, wild and cultivated, show great wealth of blossom, and plums also offer great promise of coming secundity. Damsons now whiten with their blossom in country lanes and orchards in Kent and in the West of England. In more than one county the damson is emphatically the cottager's fruit tree. Apple-trees are just coming into bloom, and while the buds are numerous the growth appears to be strong. Currants among bush fruit are expected to yield well. Early gooseberries are already in the market. Raspberries will not be so good a crop, yet no serious failure is apprehended.

GARDENERS.—There seems to be a very large number of gardeners in want of a place. Although the "season" is well begun, there is a decided plethora of grooms, and it would appear as though the number of our moneyed class is diminishing. Besides this, we believe that, with an increased interest in gardening many gentlemen, with the assistance of a man for the rougher work, have become their own gardeners.

A GOOD ROSE.—Those who want a good rose recently introduced will find it in the "A. K. Williams." This rose, however, cannot be relied upon for standing a severe winter. For ourselves we hope that the lessons of recent winter losses will not be thrown away on gardeners, but will act as a discouragement to the growing of standards, and an incentive towards a lower and more natural cultivation.

MAY FLOWERS.—At Kew, Hyde Park, and Regent's Park, as well as in private gardens, the rhododendrons are now in partial bloom. A very fine show is promised. Magnolias are in full bloom, and on many trees the thick lily-like blossoms are very thick. Lilac blossom is very fine and plentiful; both white and lilac colours. The superb avenue of chestnuts at Dorchester is in lovely bloom, and a few early trees are in flower at Kew. About week hence Bushey Park should be visited. The yellow Alpine wind-flower is now in blossom. Hydrangeas, the Sapano rose, the mountain clematis are among the plants now out; among rock flowers, the Alpine *campanula*, the yellow *cruifer*, *anthemis montana*, the Prophet's Flower, *Cortusa pubens*, and *Rubus arcticus*. The wild flower beds at Kew are now very pretty, the forget-me-nots being in great profusion and most lovely.

WYE SALMON.—We are glad to learn that the Wye Salmon Commissioners have resisted a movement towards "free trade in salmon fishing," and have agreed "That in the opinion of this Board it would be fatal to the interests not only of the Wye but to the salmon rivers throughout the kingdom, to alter the present law in regard to the taking of the young of salmon."

TWEED SALMON.—The salmon disease continues to make considerable havoc in the River Tweed. Last spring the disease was still more extensive, five thousand fish having been estimated as having perished thereby. This spring, fishing in the Tweed has been very unproductive, and, but for the high prices paid for salmon and trout, the catch would not pay expenses.

COUNTRY URCHINS do not yield in destructiveness even to the London ragamuffins who break the Embankment railings and deface the *reliquo* work on the pedestal of the Griffin. At the Quarter Sessions of various counties, just held, the surveyors have frequently had to report the most wanton damage to the copings of bridges and to all sorts of county structures.

MAY FAIRS.—At Crawley fair sales of cattle were not rapid, and good prices were seldom obtained.—At Hereford Fair farm hirings were only made at reduced wages. Waggoners get from 9*l.* to 12*l.* a year, board, and lodging; strong lads, 6*l.* to 9*l.* a year; female servants, 6*l.* to 9*l.* a year.—At Ledbury fair cattle were in fairly good request, and tolerably satisfactory prices were realised.

BIRDS.—Swifts have been seen since the 1st of May, whinchats since the 2nd. The nightingale, the cuckoo, and the landrail may now be heard. Fieldfares still linger in the Lowlands of Scotland and also in parts of Ulster. A fine puffin was captured at Weymouth the other day.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Winton Castle, Haddingtonshire, has been partially destroyed by fire. Fires at country mansions have been very frequent this year.—A disastrous rick fire is reported from Warminster.—Entries have just closed for the Herefordshire Agricultural Society's Show, which is to be held at Leominster, on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of June.—Grouse farming, on the Scotch and Yorkshire moors, is already reported to pay better than sheep grazing. An excellent grouse season is expected for the present year.—The young broods of rooks and also of blackbirds appear to be rather early this year, despite the general backwardness of the season.

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NET PROFITS for the year 1880, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, Rebate on Bills Discounted, &c. 367,568 18 3

£389,326 3 0

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Premiums on New Shares since received. 147,262 0 0

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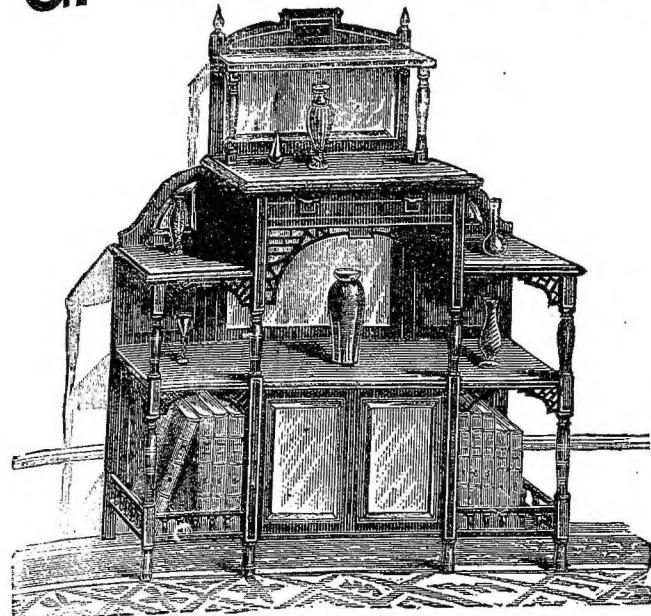
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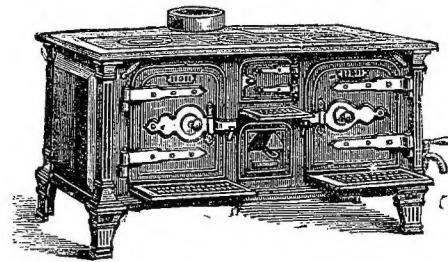
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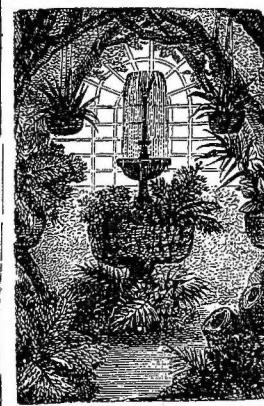
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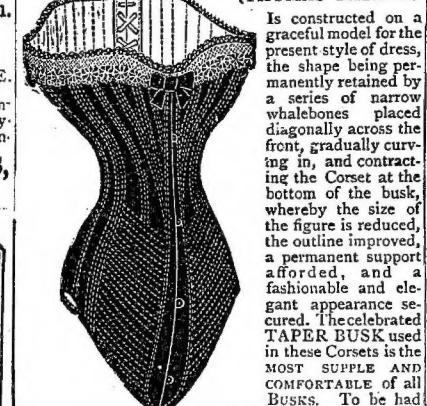
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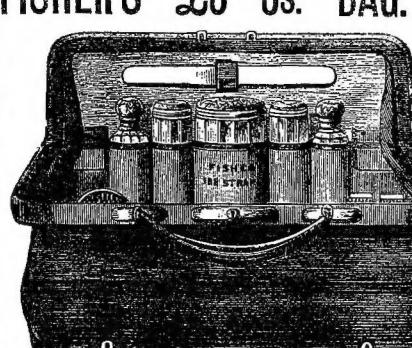
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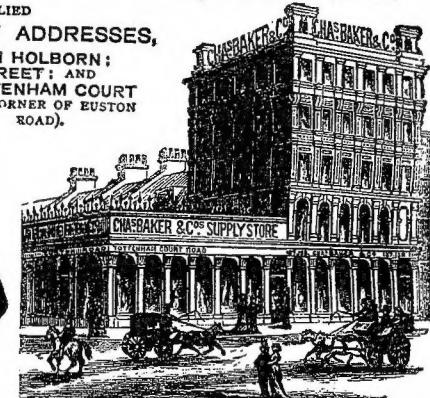
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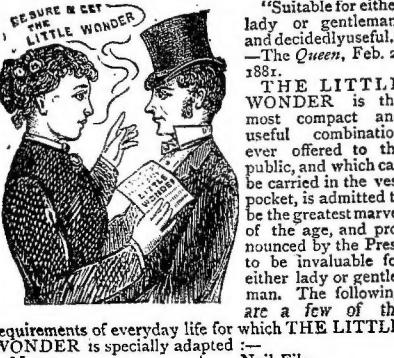


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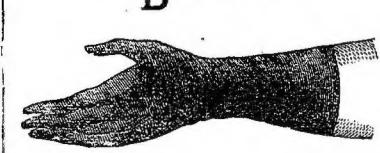
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